

# The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER • 1953

Heart of Holland  
PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Cybernetics  
CARLETON BEALS

The Parking Problem  
(A Debate)





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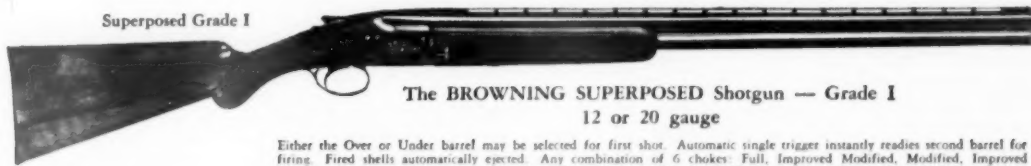
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# LETTERS

### 'Sacrifice of a Principle'

Thinks H. J. KLOPFENSTEIN, Rotarian  
Hardware Retailer  
Portland, Indiana

The answers to the symposium question in THE ROTARIAN for August, *If You Were This Merchant—What Would You Do?*, made me wonder at the nearly unanimous opinion expressed that the customer's goodwill be bought even when it meant the sacrifice of a principle. The situation was definite and clear. There was no doubt about responsibility, unless you would take the position that no merchant is ever justified in selling anything but strictly first-class goods.

When it comes to right and wrong, or principle, isn't it just as wrong to refund when no refund is justified as to refuse to refund when a refund is justified? Really, does any customer respect a merchant for buying her goodwill at the sacrifice of a principle? Does a wrong ever make a right, even when dealing with a customer?

### 'Should Have Junked It'

Says P. J. SULLIVAN, Rotarian  
General Manager  
Aroostook Federation of Farmers  
Caribou, Maine

[Re: *If You Were This Merchant—What Would You Do?*, THE ROTARIAN for August.]

I am the general manager for a farmers' coöperative. In our organization the patrons are the "boss," and that "boss" demands a square deal all the way around.

In my opinion that is one of the chief reasons why coöperatives have such an edge on commercial outfits. As a matter of policy, we will not sell or promote a product on which we have not made certain that it will at least give satisfaction.

The retail merchant got stung when he bought the irregular rayon material. He should have junked it and taken his loss instead of trying to shift his loss onto his patrons.

If I had been he, I would have cut up the material into, say, five-yard pieces and told my patrons, "Here, we got stung on this material. We don't sell such stuff. If you can use it, you may have it." Then he could charge his loss to advertising.

You can bet your life he would have been glad he handled it that way.

### Remember the 'Golden Mile'

Asks ALEX. C. SMITH, Town Clerk  
Secretary, Rotary Club  
Claremont-Cottesloe, Australia

Each month we receive our copy of THE ROTARIAN and read with interest various articles and look with interest at the large collection of photographs.

Therefore we didn't miss the photo of the "Floral Mile" in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, used with a letter from Arthur Wilson, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Though we don't have a "Floral Mile," we do have a "Golden Mile." It is between Kalgoorlie and Boulder City—which happen to be two, not one, miles apart. (It was in Kalgoorlie that Rotarians of the 34th District held their recent Conference.)

It was at Kalgoorlie in 1893 that Paddy Hannan found gold, and during the past 60 years more than 464 million pounds (Australian currency) have been recovered from the "Golden Mile." In my opinion, Kalgoorlie and Boulder City can equal in history anything connected with gold-mining rushes in the U.S.A. and, in fact, it was at Kalgoorlie where ex-President Herbert Hoover was connected with gold mining.

While at the Conference, Rotarians visited different prospectors' camps in



A claim is staked at "Broad Arrow."

the area. Here is a photo of one group of four with two prospectors at a gold-mining site 30 miles north of Kalgoorlie known as "Broad Arrow." I am busily occupied "staking" a claim in the center of the scene.

### 'Three Cheers for Irene'

From WM. S. BROWN  
Secretary, Rotary Club  
Santa Barbara, California

Three cheers for Irene Rooney Lo Bello's argument in favor of rural liberty in THE ROTARIAN for July. She has it all over Hubby Nino, who, we venture to state, joins his pale-faced fellow rushers on every possible occasion in a wild scramble to get away from his slushy or sun-baked pavements and giant anthills of concrete and steel to luxuriate, even though briefly, in the mellowed sights and sounds of the peaceful countryside.

Nino himself can stand on the busiest corner of his much-vaunted city and reflect that everything within his sight came from the [Continued on page 49]



# THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

**PRESIDENT.** With numerous administrative duties behind him, including the appointment of members to Rotary's international Committees (see below), President Joaquin Serratosa Cibils was to sail on August 21 from New York, aboard the "S. S. United States," to begin a three-month Rotary trip that would take him to parts of Europe, Africa, Asia, and Pacific islands. On his tightly scheduled itinerary were Rotary visits in France, Luxemburg, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Israel, Lebanon, Egypt, India, Pakistan, Vietnam, Hong Kong, The Philippines, Japan, and Hawaii. To accompany the President was his wife, Sofia.

**BOARD.** At its first meeting, Rotary's Board for 1953-54 recorded many important decisions, with President Serratosa presiding. A summary report of some of the decisions is given on page 51.

**COMMITTEEMEN.** Approximately 150 men of many lands comprise Rotary's international Committees for 1953-54. Their names are presented on page 52.

**NOW IT'S 88!** Rotary's continued growth not only adds new Clubs to its roster, but also extends Rotary's influence to new lands. Until recently there were Clubs in 87 countries and geographical regions of the world. That figure is now 88 and the new country is Surinam—formerly known as Dutch Guiana—on the northeast coast of South America. The new Club there is in Paramaribo.

**MEETING.** Rotary's European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Advisory Committee meets in Zurich, Switzerland, on September 22-25. Scheduled to attend its sessions in connection with his travels (see above) is President Serratosa.

**DISTRICT CONFERENCES.** Now taking form in 212 Rotary Districts are plans for their annual Conferences—the gathering of Rotarians by Districts for the purpose of furthering the program of Rotary through fellowship, inspirational addresses, and informal discussion of matters relating to District affairs and Rotary in general.

**FELLOWSHIPS.** To all Rotary Clubs have gone pamphlets outlining new procedures to follow in selecting candidates for Rotary Foundation Fellowships and submitting their applications. As all Clubs are not in Districts eligible to select candidates this year, Club Presidents have been urged to determine from the new literature the status of the Districts their Clubs are in.

**TAXES.** Rotary Clubs in the U.S.A. are exempt from U. S. income tax, but must file Form 990 with the Collector of Internal Revenue. Club Presidents and Secretaries have been reminded that the deadline for filing is on or before the 15th day of the fifth month following the end of their fiscal year.

**VITAL STATISTICS.** On July 29 there were 7,867 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 374,000 Rotarians in 88 countries and geographical regions of the world. New Clubs since July 1, 1953, totalled 29.

## The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.  
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.  
(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.



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## The Editors' WORKSHOP

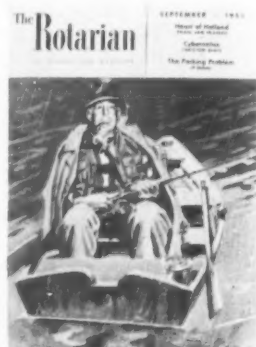
A 4-YEAR-OLD we know quite well paused in midflight through his mother's kitchen yesterday to share a bit of knowledge he had apparently just acquired. "Do you know how they made orange juice in the o'd fashion days?" he piped. "They cut uh orange in two—and squeezed it!" . . . To that small boy and millions of his contemporaries orange juice is a frozen substance in cylindrical form which, when slipped out of its tin-can case and mixed with three parts of water, becomes a solution that looks purdy and tastes good at breakfast or after school. The whole round orange he knows only as an ornament on the dining-room table or as an object grownups slice and carry around in squatty glasses when there's a party.

**GIVE THAT LAD** 40 years or so and he'll be looking back on today with that mixture of amusement and nostalgia that marks middle age and he'll be telling his cronies that "Why, I can remember as a boy we were still doing most of these things by hand. We had to have a man on every skunking machine; we were working a 40-hour week; we were looking at our first stereovies—remember how we called 'em 3-D in those days? And y'know, it was about that time that we first began to hear about cybernetics. We were just beginning to find the words for what we'd started. . . . Where has the time gone?"

**OUR FRIEND** Carleton Beals, who introduces that word "cybernetics" to us this month, is what we'd call an interpretive journalist. For you he once interpreted life at the south end of the world—in Punta Arenas, Chile, where Rotary has its farthest-south Rotary Club; for you he interpreted the feelings of the people whom the International traveller, whether kind or cruel, goes among. Now, for you, he interprets the new world centered around the electronic tube and transistor into which he finds us so fully launched. Obviously, cybernetics means a good bit to the individual Rotarian in his spark-plug factory, department store, or insurance office. But does it mean anything at all in terms of his Rotary Club? Let's see now. We could note that electronic systems in the form of loud-speakers, tape recorders, and so on are already established adjuncts of thousands of Clubs, but we're thinking more of the fact that if a man's to be freed of routine repetitive drudgery at the office and plant, maybe he'll have more time to give to that teen-age center which is failing

without him and to that box of oil paints he bought two years ago but has never opened. Pardon us, Mr. Beals. This is your story. We just got enthusiastic, that's all.

**IF THEY ARE GOING** to stand there year in and year out, if they're going to continue as your first line of public relations, if they're going to do the job you once intended they should, then they ought to *shine*. What are we talking about? Your Rotary road signs. Have you looked at them lately? Are they as cheerful as your Club? As upright? As modern? To thousands of Clubs Winter is en route. Paint stiffens, fingers bruise easily in the cold. So pick yourself a soft Fall day, a bucket or two of colors, a few good friends, and . . . well, next item.



## Our Cover

**THE TYPICAL** average man, for Stuart Hay, is a little nondescript fellow, with a hat too big for his head, a shirt too big for his back—but a lot of fight in him, mind you! So it seems to us, anyhow, after looking at the article illustrations this noted American artist has been painting for magazines for three decades. Incidentally, it may surprise Mr. Hay himself to know that since 1929 he's done nearly 125 illustrations for THE ROTARIAN. Of the oil painting he has done for this month's cover—the subject a heftier Hay man than in the old days—Mr. Hay says: "I'd just come back from a fishing trip spent just this way and, mad as I was, I guessed it to be a universal experience." Stuart Hay was born and raised in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, but lived a good many years in New York City. Married, he has a grown daughter, Joan, and spends his nonart time now, in his Connecticut home, working at carpentry. He says that if he had to do it over again, he'd become a carpenter, provided he could work at what he pleased.—Eds.

THE ROTARIAN

# ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLIE W. SHEDD, minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Ponca City, Okla., is a clergyman first and last, but in between he's a sports official, writer, Scouting leader, animal judge, and woodworker. Holding top place among his interests, however, are his wife and four children. He is a graduate of McCormick Seminary and Hastings College, and has studied psychiatry extensively.



Shedd

When he was a very young man, DORON K. ANTRIM fell in love—with music. Now he says, "Anyone can fall for music," as he goes along teaching, writing, and talking about it. He has edited two musical publications, now contributes to leading periodicals and lectures on music. His articles have been appearing in THE ROTARIAN for many years.



Antrim

With his camera and typewriter, BEN EAST has covered North America's great outdoor world of wildlife, wildflowers, and Nature at its best. For two decades he wrote for Michigan newspapers, now is field editor of *Outdoor Life* and a lecturer. An ex-schoolteacher, he early decided that he'd rather be surrounded by trees than blackboards. He lives in Michigan, has a son and daughter and two grandchildren.



East

New frontiers, both geographical and mental, have always interested CARLETON BEALS, Connecticut author, lecturer, and world traveller. Thus his interest in cybernetics, the subject he writes on this month. He's the author of 24 books and scores of magazine articles. . . . J. E. PARRY, of Bournemouth, England, is Rotary International Representative for District II. A graduate of Oxford University, he's headmaster of a school. . . . ROTARIAN LEE BRAXTON, of Whiteville, N. C., heads the bank he founded there, is associate editor of a religious publication. He served as Mayor of Whiteville during the period he writes about.



Beals

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# Self through Service

*You'll find self-fulfillment only by using your best qualities*

*for goals which lie outside yourself.*

**By J. E. PARRY**

*Rotary International Representative, District 11  
Rotarian, Bournemouth, England*

**I**N THE LIGHT of our Rotary motto my title may suggest a paradox. But a paradox, rightly comprehended, has its hidden core of deep wisdom.

The great leaders of history have been the servants of an idea; they found their souls in selfless service. Most of us, however, have been socially conditioned to the gospel of "getting on" without much reflection either on the means or the ends of our striving.

We delight in outstripping the other fellow; we preen ourselves for an important rôle, always seeking status and positions of prestige. We thus proclaim ourselves mere victims of the inferiority complex, pathetically seeking the assurance of position to relieve us of the obsession of uncertainty and insecurity. But are we by so pursuing what is so dubiously called "success" really getting anywhere in personal satisfaction or fulfillment?

Is it worth while to be big frogs in little puddles? Is that how to get the best out of life? The urge to egoism, of course, is psychological and physiological, but geared as we are by basic drives, may it not be to our advantage to ponder what is our real demand on life and realize the immense difference between success and happiness? To have a sense of importance is ingrowing and, according to the experience of humanity, frustrating. Was it not one of Oscar Wilde's epigrams that the two great tragedies of life are "not getting what you want and getting it"? On the contrary, a sense of usefulness is objective, satisfying, and cumulative.

We talk and act as though comfort and luxury were the prime

necessities of our existence, but for fulfillment what we really need is something to be enthusiastic about. You and I are in for very acute disappointment in life if we let our biological urge for self-expansion conflict with our moral sense of service. It is a tragedy common enough that men in the severe competitive struggles of life allow their better selves and their most attractive normal qualities to atrophy.

We do not have to go out of our way or launch a big program to develop our best faculties. Many times we do not even have to go out of our own homes and our immediate circles. Instead of struggling to be a "big shot" it would pay us very much better to develop sensitiveness for action near to us and more intimate.

Someone has said that there are two types of problems. One is urgent and the other important. The truth is, the urgent problems are never important and the important are never urgent. A man's life is as he thinketh; a man's philosophy and outlook determine his condition and his well-being. One of the greatest blessings in life is to arrive in a cool, quiet hour of reflection at some real understanding of the sources of genuine satisfaction. "I find," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving." Life is abundant if we face first and foremost the really important problem of fulfilling ourselves. Someone has said with piquancy that

"happiness grows at our own firesides and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens."

When our conduct is spontaneous and generous rather than calculating, when its natural outflow is in our personality at its best rather than forced into the mold of greed and ambition, we shall realize that usefulness is the key to self-fulfillment. We shall understand the words of the great Teacher more inwardly when He said that He came not to be served but to serve and by His life to secure for His followers life in abundance. When a man reaches this stage of philosophy and conduct, he becomes a highly important citizen, although the thought will never cross his mind.

In the days of the Second World War the British, as a people, passed their days in the shadow of violent death, when homes were in ruin and discomfort and privation were their lot. I am not sure but those were the days of great fulfillment and happiness, what has been termed their finest hour. People were living at their highest level of service and self-forgetfulness, class distinctions and conflicts were in abeyance, individual resources of strength and courage were pooled. Britain was united and strong—strong because integrated in a life of communal and national service—"members one of another."

To be aware of social need, to have an absorbing interest in it, to be self-forgetful in the interest of others—these are the elements of self-fulfillment and courage. As Rotarians, we know that the road to peace, strength, and contentment lies outside the confines of self. It is by giving that we get.

**Quest EDITORIAL**





Photo: Cy La Tour and son

# CREDO

By Bert Cooksley

I will go out from the valley  
And climb on the mountain trail,  
For a man in the flowered valley  
Grows set as a meadow rail.  
And the wild, tough heart within him  
Goes soft and at peace with bars,  
And the swift, clean brain that guides him  
No longer sweeps up to the stars.

Some for the valley cottage,  
A book and a garden chair,  
The hearth with a kettle singing  
And a bed atop the stair;  
But mine be the home of the eagle,  
The book of the Craig and Steep,  
The bed of the fox and puma  
Where the slim hard hill pine sleep!

I will go out from the valley  
And weather the mountain road,  
For here a man has forgotten  
His birthright of Pack and Load,  
The wonder and hunger leave him  
And contentment fills his eyes,  
And the deathless soul that guides him  
Hath no further use for skies.

Those for the valley haven,  
The lark and the meadow stream;  
Their years like drifting incense  
On the altar of a dream;  
But mine be the joy and the labor  
Where hungry souls have trod,  
Where the stars can call you brother  
And a man shakes hands with God!

# SHOULD CITIES GO INTO

## Yes — It's the Best Way to Solve Most of the Problems

Says **WILLIAM E. BROWN, JR.**

*Mayor, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

**F**EW city dwellers of today would advocate privately owned water systems or sewage lines. All residents may not be able to take advantage of those utilities, but it has been recognized ever since the rise of cities in medieval times that water and sewer services are a community responsibility.

Our debate on parking facilities comes up because this problem is relatively new. Most of our cities were planned for horses and buggies, yet motor vehicles are here to stay. And it will become increasingly evident, I believe, that just as the public should provide streets on which they move, so also is it a community responsibility to create spaces wherein they may be parked.

I believe in free enterprise. I believe that no city and no branch of government should go into a business in any form unless private enterprise fails to and cannot furnish the service the public needs. But just as private enterprise could not satisfactorily furnish water or dispose of sewage, it has failed to supply the third utility modern city dwellers require: and *that is parking!*

This conclusion grows out of personal experience for prior to 1947 I owned a profitable parking lot in Ann Arbor. I realized, however, that I could not furnish the service the public was entitled to at a price that would really help solve the problem. So as the city-owned facilities, which I had proposed, became operative, I and other private operators knew we would have to make other plans for the use of our properties.

Traffic problems in Ann Arbor are not different from those of any city, except perhaps in degree. We have some 48,000 residents, with an additional fluctuating population of 15,000 to 20,000 students at the University of Michigan. We are 40 miles from Detroit on a main highway to Chicago, and thus are at a center of an extensive network of paved and improved roads. We have some 25,000 registered cars plus about 3,500 more belonging to students. All this adds up to a terrific traffic and parking problem.

That this is typical of cities elsewhere in the United States is borne out by figures from D. Grant

Mickle, of the Automotive Safety Foundation. "For each 10,000 persons there are 3,000 motor vehicles," he says—adding "all of them seemingly slipping into a parking spot just ahead of you!" Mr. Mickle also is authority for the statement that to park 3,000 cars, about 20 acres are needed or a structure covering one acre but some 20 stories high!

In certain favored communities it may be possible for private enterprise to meet the parking problem. But after careful study, with trips to some 60 cities in the United States and Canada, I have come to the conclusion that the ultimate solution lies in a comprehensive program of municipal ownership and operation.

The first factor to be considered is finance. This subproblem can be met by general taxation, by special assessment, by revenue bonds, or by a combination of methods. But people always are reluctant to saddle themselves with additional taxes, especially for parking lots, and special assessments are difficult to spread equitably. So in 1947 after two years of study, we in Ann Arbor adopted the pay-its-own way of revenue bonds.

It operates quite simply. By city ordinance we combine all parking facilities under the Ann Arbor Automobile Parking System. All income from parking meters, lots, and garages are pledged to secure revenue bonds. This enables us to borrow money and to install off-street parking facilities at once, instead of doing this gradually.

We had no difficulty whatever in selling our bonds to Ann Arbor banks and a Detroit company. They were issued in two series, to be paid in 1963. The first (1947) totalled \$330,000 at 2½ percent; the second (1948) was for \$300,000 at 3 percent.

In March, 1953, we sold \$465,000 in bonds at 2¾ and 3 percent to a New York investment firm, one of the nation's largest. I might add here that the planned expansion will increase the total to more than one million dollars. All this debt will *not* be retired from city funds, but from revenue of the parking system. If there isn't enough, the people who bought the bonds will be the losers. But they will get their money, as I shall presently show.

We now have in operation some 840 (150 more authorized) parking meters, purchased by the City Council, which now earn more than \$100,000 a year. Meter fees run one cent for 12 minutes and 5 cents an hour.

With meters installed, we purchased lots at strategic locations on the fringe of business districts. Our theory was that we should acquire only the best

**DEBATE**  
**of the**  
**MONTH**  
**1**

# THE PARKING BUSINESS?



Photos: Calvin, Robinson and Associates; Detroit Times

*In city after city—and in small towns, too—the problem of where to park is becoming “downtown dynamite.” Last month we presented an article by that title by a business analyst. Now we follow with a debate on the question which logically follows the one of where to park. More and more cities are providing downtown parking: here is a municipal official who holds that it is the only ultimate solution. He is William E. Brown, Jr., Mayor of Ann Arbor, Mich. He is shown against a facility his city provides.—Eds.*

lots so they could be used immediately for surface parking, yet on a long-range program whereby we could go underground or in the air for more space capacity as needed.

We now have eight lots. One lot was on a hillside where with ramps we now have a three-deck garage at a cost of \$380,000. Now under construction is another structure costing \$495,000 to accommodate 371 cars in the campus area. No property was condemned. Each piece was purchased through real-estate dealers or city officials.

The University has cooperated by providing for employees and students some 2,450 parking spaces in 40 locations. But the Ann Arbor Automobile Parking System, with the completion of present plans, will have a total of 1,164 car spaces. It operates the lots and does not lease them. Customers

park their own cars and each car can get in and out of its space without moving another. The rate is 10 cents for the first two hours and 5 cents for each additional two-hour period. How has it worked out?

One answer is that whereas before 1947 there was no plan and cars parked and then parked double on our streets, we now have adequate parking space and traffic moves along easily. Last year we parked 320,000 cars—cars which, if lined up bumper to bumper, would string out 1,200 miles.

By reducing traffic congestion, we have saved many a life and limb. No Michigan city in our population bracket has a better safety record over the past five years. In 1951, Ann Arbor had no traffic fatality and with two other cities in its class shared national recognition for this record.

But dollars and cents are important too, so let's take a look at the financial record. It shows that the year's net operating profit on June 30, 1953, was \$95,000, and the system is now operating at an even more favorable rate. Fines have gone up from \$10,000 before installation of meters to more than \$34,000 a year. In short, those who purchased the revenue bonds need not worry, nor do the taxpayers, who not only have parking cheaply but also revenue with which to finance the development of the system.

Though the system has not cost taxpayers one cent in increased taxes, they will share in a pleasant bonus due to the maintenance or increase of property valuation in business districts. A new lease on life has been given to our three main retail areas by making parking available which is not left to the caprice of private operators. Our most unprofitable unit is located in an area where actual cost of parking space per car is \$1,600, which is more than private operators could afford without charging parking fees which would discourage shoppers, whereas our metered-lot fees are 10 cents for the first two hours and 5 cents for each two hours thereafter. But with our system municipally owned, merchants and property owners have confidence that the parking facilities will be continued and are willing to invest additional capital in improvements and new buildings.

Twenty-four percent of Ann Arbor's tax income comes from a radius of three blocks from the junction of Main and Washington Streets. Since our carport was built in this area, the largest department store there has been completely remodelled, a big chain store has doubled in size; another has put up a fine structure. And elsewhere with assured space for shoppers, there has been a general face-lifting. Various factors have contributed, but I know of 12 major improvements which can be largely traced to the stimulus loosed by our parking system.

All this has helped increase our assessed valuation from 2 to 3 million [Continued on page 58]

# SHOULD CITIES GO INTO

## No — Private Enterprise Can Do the Job Better

**Believes LYMAN E. WAKEFIELD, Jr.**

*President, Downtown Auto Park, Inc.  
Minneapolis, Minn.*

**W**E LIVE in the Age of Hurry-Up. Our grandfathers, a modern wag has said, would patiently wait days for a stagecoach, but we fly into a rage if we miss one slot in a revolving door. That's whimsical exaggeration, but after you smile, ponder the point that the first essential for correction of any bad-situation is a feeling of annoyance or dissatisfaction. Or, to quote Charles F. Kettering, the great inventor, "The price of progress is trouble."

I must admit, however, that one is usually not that philosophic when, late for an appointment, one must cruise several blocks to park his car. But before allowing impatience to short-circuit our thinking and before we demand that the city hall solve our parking problem, isn't it wiser to see what we ourselves can do?

Motor vehicles are relatively new. If you're 60 years old, you can remember when there was no parking problem. Our towns and cities were laid out for the leisurely traffic of oxcarts and buggies, not trucks and automobiles. No one disagrees that it is a public responsibility to provide streets and highways, with such parking spaces as they afford. But off-street parking is another matter. It benefits not everyone but just the parker and the merchant, and it seems but simple logic that they should pay for it.

That's the conclusion we have reached in Minneapolis. Candor compels me, though, to admit that we got so annoyed with inadequate parking facilities we almost took the short and easy way out of the problem. Minnesota has legislation permitting cities to own and operate parking lots, and when our situation got so bad the public was demanding "Something's gotta be done!" we turned to the city.

Our Chamber of Commerce cooperated with the City Council in making surveys and studies. We accumulated data on the experience of other cities having municipally owned systems. We piled up data on how we could build a group of garages financed either through sale of revenue bonds or full faith and credit bonds with special assessments against properties directly to be benefited.

Just as we were about to start pressuring the city

for action, somebody came up with a very reasonable suggestion. It was to call together loop business interests, including retailers, building owners and managers, banks, hotel owners, and the press to discuss the whole problem. That was done. And to the surprise of many, most of these hardheaded men questioned the basic assumption that providing parking space was a city responsibility.

During late 1950 and early 1951 the discussion raged. Municipal advocates had strong arguments. They pointed out that the project would cost upward of 3 million dollars. How, they asked, can private interests raise the equity money? If that could be done, who will decide what the facilities will be and where they are to be located? Remember, they cautioned, the Korean War is on and materials and labor are scarce and expensive.

But the majority didn't go along with the school of thought that teaches "When in trouble, go to government." They asserted that parking ills are but growing pains of a developing and expanding civilization. They looked upon them as a challenge to free enterprise. Private interests, they concluded, should experiment by "cut and fit" methods if necessary and work out a plan to cope with the situation. To do less would be to shirk a responsibility to the public and to themselves.

So out of the meetings came a nucleus committee. It organized a new corporation known as Downtown Auto Park, Inc., headed by officers and a board drawing no salaries. These men represent stockholders who are the principal loop (downtown) business interests, including retailers, banks, building owners and managers, hotels, savings and loan associations, the newspaper, television stations, and others.

Who put up the equity money? The stockholders—32 of them—paid in \$600,000 and an insurance company loaned 1½ million dollars more.

While financial details were being worked out, National Garages, Inc., of Detroit, Michigan, was hired for preliminary engineering and subsequent management of the system. And presently Minneapolis' downtown district had two open-sided four-storied parking decks. One has 535 stalls and the other has 819, a total of 1,354.

Both decks have large receiving magazines which will take 16 to 20 cars off the street at one time. Each contains one-way ramps banked for speed. The structures are staggered four-deck type, with air-entraining concrete to reduce deterioration due to salt

**DEBATE**  
**of the**  
**MONTH**  
**2**



# THE PARKING BUSINESS?



Photos: Kammerdener, Black

*By and large, private enterprise has provided municipal parking facilities since the automobile invaded the city street early in the century. With corner parking lots and skyscraper garages, with store-top parking areas, etc., businessmen have tried to meet the needs of their customers. Here is a businessman who contends that the men of Main Street can still do the job best. He is Lyman E. Wakefield, Jr., president of Downtown Auto Park, Inc., of Minneapolis, Minn. He is shown against one of the facilities his organization provides.*

brought in on cars during Winter when salt is used on streets to reduce skidding. Men lift take attendants up and down. Heat is provided in the lobbies and in wash-rack and lubrication areas in basements. From the outside, the buildings have a pleasing horizontal-line appearance because floors are cantilevered approximately 14 feet beyond the columns and are capped on the exteriors with stainless steel.

Construction costs were held to \$3.80 per square foot, or approximately \$1,000 per car space, and with land expenses ran the total cost per stall to \$1,175 in one building to \$1,552 in the other. Car spaces are 257 and 275 square feet. Customers are charged 25 cents for the first hour and 15 cents per additional hour, or \$12 to \$23 a month. They may buy gasoline and oil at either facility or have their cars washed and lubricated.

That's the setup. And thanks to canny planning and efficient operation it is working out very well. Operating estimates were projected to an average 2½ turnover of available transient spaces. In our first year we were able to meet all fixed charges and to earn almost all our noncash depreciation item. By the end of our second fiscal year we expect to be completely in the black.

It should be noted that had the city built these or other parking facilities they would have been removed from the tax rolls. As it is, not only do these pay their share of taxes, but the city further benefits taxwise as they help maintain assessment values on downtown property. Now when shoppers come to Minneapolis' loop, they know there's a place to park at a fair charge. They don't have to hurry off to a shopping center at the outskirts of the city. With convenient parking space near large department stores, they can spend as little or as much time as they desire looking over the wares offered. In short, it's both good public policy and good private business to provide ample off-street parking.

Had our parking facilities been built by the city, they would have been financed in all probability by one of three methods: taxation, special assessment, or revenue bonds.

General taxation to provide facilities obviously of prime benefit to a few businesses is of doubtful equity. The outlying merchant would have a just gripe should the tax monies which he helped provide be used to draw trade away from his door to those of a downtown competitor. And if such a program is once adopted, it is an open invitation to political pressuring of the authorities to locate the next installation where it will benefit the dissidents, and this in turn stimulates more logrolling on the part of those still unsatisfied.

To those who propose financing municipal ownership of off-street parking lots through special assessment on property and businesses most obviously benefited, we in Minneapolis have a ready answer. It is that we can do the construction job more economically and operate more efficiently. Businessmen don't operate on "easy money" theories. With our own money invested, we saw to it that careful engineering was done and that for every dollar spent we got a full dollar's value. And the same thing was true as the project swung into the operational phase. Unhappily, this is not always the case when government is spending the people's money.

But some proponents of municipal ownership claim that if private business can run an off-street parking program on a profitable basis, so could the city by financing it through revenue bonds sold to private investors. This is a doubtful argument for the reasons just outlined. It [Continued on page 60]



*A picnic! Eager young hands stretch for the rations that later will be eaten in the majesty of Switzerland's Alps.*

# Afternoon in the ALPS

*High in the mountains, where time is  
forgotten, some Rotarians help  
26 children to a new peacefulness.*



*The world is new and bright and the glorious mountains are high as these young Hollanders trudge off from their host's hotel grounds to a picnic. A Swiss Rotarian hotel owner, he opened an entire floor for his guests, and said he wished his paying customers would be as careful.*

**B**ACK in February the cold gray waters of the North Sea rose in their anger to slug The Netherlands another in a long series of such punches—and it was the children who were hit the hardest. The devastating sea, the nights and days spent on roofs awaiting rescue, they could not forget.

Across the Continent, in the benign beauty of the Swiss Alps, some men who wear the Rotary wheel in their lapels thought about the situation . . . and what they did about it is shown in these photos. Where thousands of grown people pay hundreds of thousands of whatever money they use to vacation in these majestic mountains, 26 little Hollanders came without charge because the men of the wheel thought they should. Dutch Rotarians selected them; Swiss Rotarians were their hosts.

It was at Crans sur Sierre, where Rotarian Charles Turini, of Sion, opened his hotel, that they frolicked—and forgot the devastating sea.



*A range of snow-topped mountains—the Alps—looks down on the Dutch youngsters as they dance on the golf fairways at Crans Sur Sierre.*



*The midday break for lunch alongside a quiet mountain lake; time out to re-fuel bodies tired by strenuous play.*



*A pre-excursion chore: the making of beds. The children win the admiration of their Rotarian hosts with their courtesy and neatness.*



*Swiss mountain flowers, Dutch tulips—beauty is in both; Rotarian service helps this girl to find it in a flower.*

Photos: © Yves Delétrime



*A picnic! Eager young hands stretch for the rations that later will be eaten in the majesty of Switzerland's Alps.*

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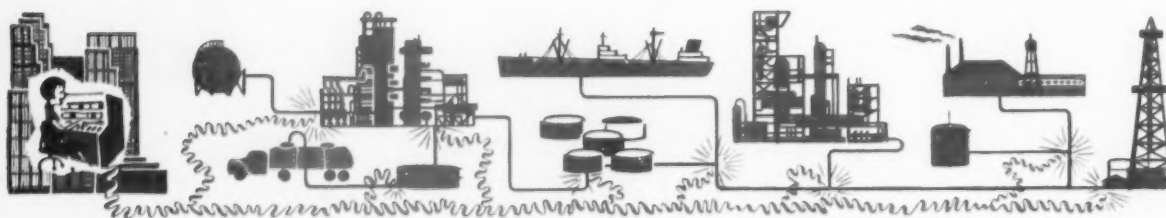


*Swiss mountain flowers, Dutch tulips—beauty is in both; Rotarian service helps this girl to find it in a flower.*

Photos: © Yvon Delabre

# CYBERNETICS

Catch on to this word now. It's a new one coined to label the fast-growing electronic brain system of industry which may have more effect on the way we live than will atomic energy.



By CARLETON BEALS

A MAGICAL new system for doing the routine jobs in business, industry, and government is fast reshaping our lives. Its name is "cybernetics," and it may have a more profound effect on us than will atomic energy. Certainly it will have an earlier one; it is well upon us now.

Cybernetics, if the term is new to you,\* is the new electronic "brain system" which has made it possible for us to warm up an oil refinery, paper-box factory, textile mill, chick hatchery, or card-filing operation and run it indefinitely—with nobody on the premises except perhaps a lone inspector or two.

I had long read, as you have, of all these amazing new mechanisms with their dazzling flair for arithmetic and their unerring powers of control. But I wanted to see some of them; I wanted to see what they are *doing* and to learn, if I could, how they might alter our lives, our health, our destiny. So—a few months back I visited a long string of electronic-research laboratories and factories in New York and scores of industrial plants in Connecticut. Then

I slipped out to several petroleum refineries in the U. S. Midwest and to the oil fields of Texas. Finally I visited university laboratories—for a glimpse of things to come. What I saw and heard leads me to believe that we are indeed standing at one of the great moments in history. Routine, repetitive drudgery is on its way out of our business and industrial lives. The machine is taking it on.

In one of the Plains States they showed me a stretch of pipe line. It runs for 1,000 miles over farm lands, through woods, and across rivers, and it carries 26 different products which are drawn off at various storage plants along its length. This requires a complex system of valves that must open and close as the various "plugs" come along. It may surprise you, as it did me, to hear that the controls which operate that entire line are in the RCA Building in New York City—1,000 miles from the nearest bend of the pipe. Cybernetics at work!

In 1938 there were only 68 factories in the United States producing electronic goods—and they were small. Today there are more than 500 and some of them are enormous, each representing more

energy and productive might than the entire Roman Empire possessed. At General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York, enormous factories are devoted to making electronic tools, from simple, pocket-sized gadgets to great computers larger than a freight car. Two rooms are devoted to hookup systems which disclose how any electrical assembly or power line will work before it is built.

This amazing industry of electronics which scarcely existed 20 years ago now involves billions of dollars of capital in research, manufacturing, and distribution, but it's only a beginning. Only the surface has been scratched, and in only a few places. Invention, discovery, investment, and production are wide open. Even now some types of mechanical "brains" are being mass produced at little more than the cost of a quality automobile. They are capable of running extremely complex industrial operations automatically. They can take over the operations of an entire office force.

"How would you describe cybernetics in plain two-bit words?" I asked an industrial-laboratory scientist.

"Invisible message-control," he replied, then tried to explain.

\*It is fairly new to everybody, having been coined in 1949 by Dr. Norbert Wiener, professor of mathematics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Its Greek roots mean "steersman."

"Taped in" messages—what we call 'input' in the form of notched and punched cards, key color spots, magnetized tape, photographs, film, and so on—guide electronic assemblies, calculators, and machines. They are the controls."

"What can they do?" I asked.

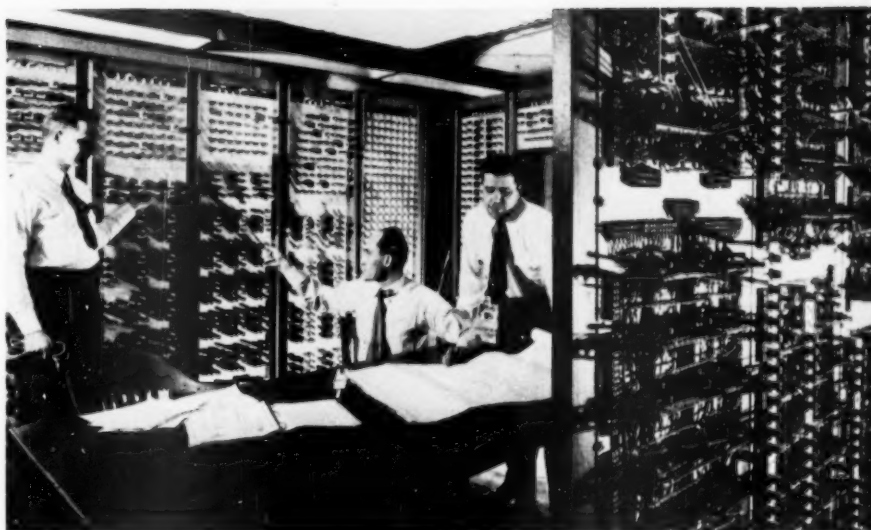
"Almost anything you want them to do. They are perfect slaves. If they make a mistake, they tell you about it instantly. For instance, electronic gadgets can see to it that the different parts of a costly intricate machine work together the way they should. They guarantee perfect coordination and performance."

"Tell me how," I persisted.

"Take an automatic anti-aircraft gun on a freezing Korean hill. Cold grease slows up the mechanism. The electronic 'brain' reports back to the gun mechanism that it is not aimed properly. This is what we call 'feed-back.' The error is automatically rectified until the 'brain' reports that the aim is perfect. Not until then is the gun fired. The 'brain' can spot the kind of plane—identify it exactly—something the human eye is not always able to do. Not only that: the 'brain' instantly provides the necessary information regarding the flight possibilities of that type of plane. The gun is aimed to anticipate what the plane is most likely to do at a given speed, altitude, wind velocity, and so on, thus vastly cutting down the chances of a 'miss.'

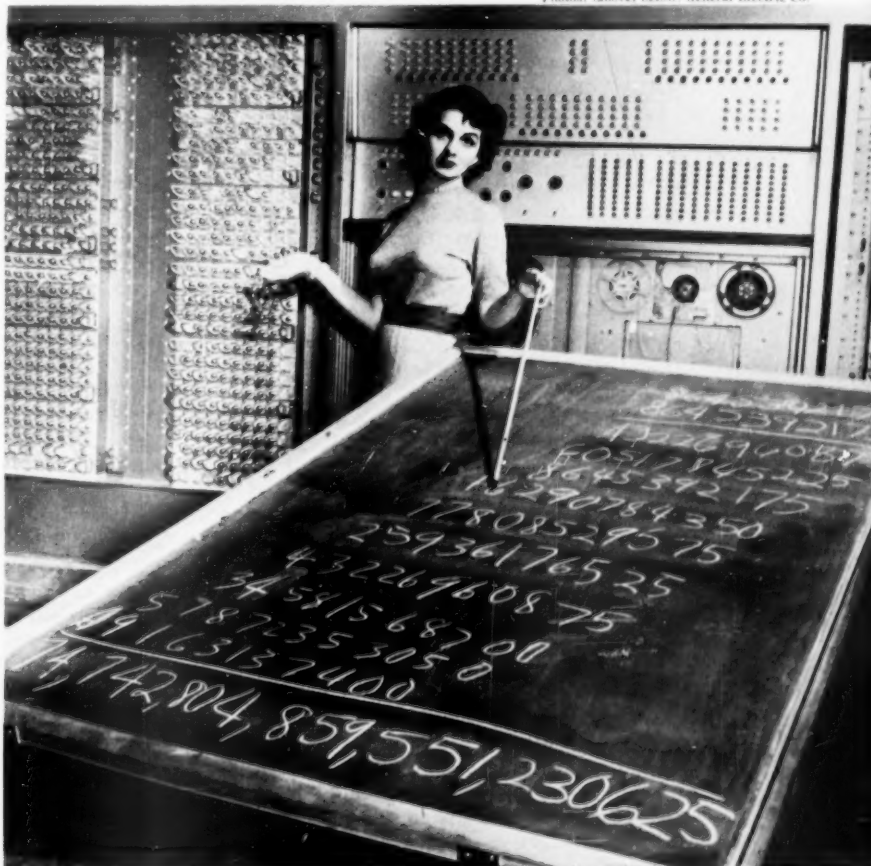
"You see," he continued, "the

*The heart of cybernetics, the tiny transistor, which permits simplification of electrical circuits while increasing efficiency and economy.*



OMIBAC is what this maze of tubes, switches, and electrical circuits is called—a digital computer which has been developed by the electronics engineers who are quickly bringing about an industrial revolution with it. It can solve complex mathematical problems 5,000 times faster than a human being—with a resulting boost in living levels.

Photos: (above, below) General Electric Co.



OARAC—that's the complicated-looking machine in the background of the photo—did in four one-thousandths of a second what this Syracuse, N. Y., housewife, Mrs. Connie Hodgson, failed to do correctly in eight minutes, and that was to multiply 8,645,392,175 by 8,645,392,175. The correct answer: 74,742,805,859,551,230,625. She was off a trillion. This is the way it works: You turn on the current and then the . . . er, well, anyway, it's a good example of the new thinking machines which are opening vast new horizons to industry.

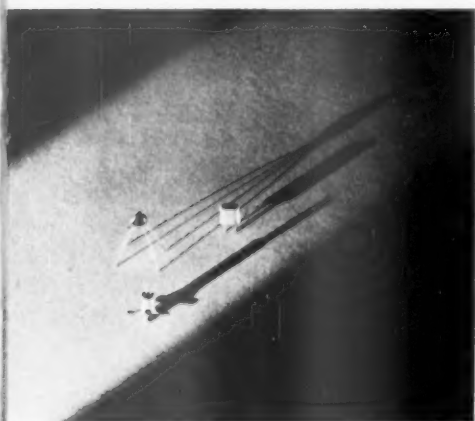


Photo: A. T. & T. Co.



electronic 'brain' has memory like a human brain. We know how to make it store up its own experiences and use them. We can also store in it any information we want it to remember and use: by vacuum tubes, magnetized tape, cards, blueprints, photos, all sorts of ways. It calls upon all that information and selects pertinent material from it at any time to perform the work assigned to it."

A few weeks later I saw an application of this idea to a simple industrial task. An electronic attachment to a huge machine, nearly a block long, was controlling the cutting of printed wrappers. The machine might as well have been cutting steel or aluminum, cloth or plastics or wood. The material flew by faster than the human eye could follow it.

The electronic gadget kept the paper perfectly aligned. By means of tiny printed dots, an electric eye actuated the cutter at the precise moment of the perfect slice. No moisture, pulling, or variations in quality or size affected uniformity. The operation was instantaneous.

"Previously," the superintendent explained, "if anything went wrong, a workman would chew up at least 500 units before he could stop the machinery. Heavy damage might be done. It might take days of repair work as well as expensive replacements. The electronic device adjusts the machinery constantly, automatically, for perfect performance; if necessary, it stops it in its tracks. The trouble can be located in a few minutes. No serious damage is done."

Many new inventions have been made possible, all with vast potentials for human life. In jet planes, faster than sound, the human brain and muscles cannot react quickly enough to stave off disaster. Most operations have been entrusted to instantaneous, superaccurate instruments. Electronic machines now analyze human blood and chemicals without error, record brain waves from diseased tissues, diagnose incipient diabetes and tumors, check the heartbeats of patients. The geiger click can locate gallstones in a surgical operation.

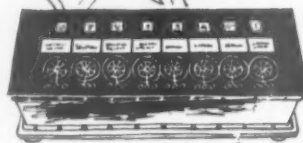
In fact, electronics is shaking the whole medical profession to

its foundations. It is reshaping both theory and practice. It has provided new information about cellular structure, glandular activities, the nervous system, and the brain. It is on the eve of making diagnosis largely automatic and reliable, and of locating the precise seat of any trouble. It will remove a lot of guesswork and will guard and improve human health beyond anything dreamed of now.

"See that gadget near the folding machine?" said the owner of a New Haven paper-box factory.



*Blaise Pascal, who invented a mechanical calculator when he was 18, fathered the new science.*



"That's a photoelectric cell," an electric eye. You've seen them open doors and ring burglar alarms. This one counts out any desired number of box units, the machine kicks them out, bundles them up—a million units a day. We start at 7:30 A.M. with waste materials, make paper on rolls, shoot in steam and glue. By 2:30 the finished boxes are on the loading trucks and freight cars. I used to have scores of boys and girls doing what that electric eye accomplishes. Now there are no mistakes in counting and no complaints from customers. Now those employees are working at more intelligent tasks."

He called to a young worker handling an electric floor truck. Winking at me, he said, "Tom, that electric eye has broken down. I guess you'll have to pack boxes."

Reluctantly Tom parked his truck. "O.K., boss."

"Which job do you prefer?"

"You're asking me! I felt like a slave, counting and tying the same thing over and over. I used to do it in my sleep. Now I can

use my head." He rubbed his hand affectionately over a smooth lever.

This astonishing new age now sweeping upon us means a greater America, a greater world. England won her place in the sun because she pioneered power machinery in the industrial revolution and thereafter kept the lead in technological development. But machine power spread across the world. Today the average American worker has at his command, in electric motorpower alone, the equivalent of 165 men. An American petroleum worker or coal miner produces energy equal to that of several thousand sharecroppers or about 4,000 Chinese coolies.

Yet this is crude and insignificant compared to what cybernetics can do and is about to do. Compared with a generation ago, every workman is going to manipulate, not the equivalent of a few hundred hand laborers but thousands: he will become a great industrial general. A single soldier will manipulate more material and firing power than did all the hordes of Ghengis Khan or the entire army of Napoleon.

The first industrial revolution substituted machines for man's muscles and sweat, relieving him of backbreaking toil and providing leisure for education, health, science, and recreation. Our new Electronic Age substitutes machines, not merely for muscles but for man's senses, his nervous system, and his brain. Any routine task that eye or nose or brain can do, an electronic instrument can do a million times faster, with infinite accuracy, with exact timing, and with fluid continuity.

That word "fluid" is important. The most skilled hand or the finest machine "jerks," but the electron "flows." It works smoothly without pause and instantaneously. It helps machines and human beings to do the same. Thus it greatly increases the potentialities of every human being. It frees people for creative tasks.

Mechanical calculators can solve mathematical problems in a few minutes that a single scholar starting at the time of Christ would not even yet have completed. This [Continued on page 56]



# The Heart of Holland— Revisited

By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

**W**HEN Henry Ford visited Holland 30-odd years ago, he took one look at the vast network of canals covering the country and then shook his head in a firmly disapproving manner. "If you would start filling up these useless ditches," he told a flabbergasted Dutch burgomaster, "and put a layer of cement on top, you'd soon have the best system of rapid transit in all Europe."

At first the Dutch newspapers poked fun at this revolutionary suggestion. Some grew angry and even indignant. Who did Henry Ford think he was, anyway, to criticize and treat with disdain what every visitor before him had admired and praised for its quaintness and usefulness as the cheapest mode of transportation imaginable? Was there anything on earth to compare with the quiet beauty of Holland's canals with their unruffled surface of tender watercress and masses of floating lilies? And, what's more, hadn't the canal system more than once presented so formidable an obstacle to a foreign enemy that his invasion was stemmed or at least delayed long enough to give the Dutch people a chance to put their defenses in order?

The debate raged to and fro for months until someone made the discovery that Henry Ford's idea fitted right in with Holland's great engineering scheme of making good dry farmland out of the vast turbulent waters of the Zuider Zee. What finally clinched the matter was the surprise attack of 1941 when tens of thousands of German paratroopers dropped into Dutch territory in one single day. That incident proved beyond cavil that the defensive value of the canal system was virtually nil.

Not all the canals have been filled in yet, though a promising beginning has been made. In October I drove 1,500 miles through Holland, visiting 30-odd cities and seeing most of the worth-while sights without once touching upon the tiniest stretch of inferior road or skidding into a muddy ditch. The Dutch highway system is in as near a state of perfection as anything else in that country of order, cleanliness, and good taste. Twelve hours after starting from Paris I was in the "Heart of Holland" lying in bed in an amazingly inexpensive but first-class hotel, listening to a carillon in one of the "singing towers" striking, or rather singing, out a silvery midnight melody. I felt as if I had been wafted into a different world.

I call the "Heart of Holland" that compact area, about the size



Big-framed Pierre Van Paassen, who writes here of a journey back to the land of his birth, is famous for *That Day Alone* and *Days of Our Years* and others in a series of best-selling books. Leaving Holland just prior to World War I, he entered college in Toronto, Ont., and served with the Canadian forces during the great conflict. Afterward he worked on newspapers in Canada and the United States and was a foreign correspondent and columnist for the old *New York World*. He was ordained a Unitarian minister in 1946. Married, he has two children, lives in New York City.



Portrait by Seymour  
Fleishman; map by  
Jeanne Wildin

SEPTEMBER, 1953

of Greater New York, wherein are located, besides innumerable clusters of farming villages and towns, the five major cities of Amsterdam, Leyden, The Hague, Delft, and Rotterdam; the pleasant seaside resorts of Scheveningen and Zandvoort, as well as the most fascinating collection of windmills; gorgeous medieval cathedrals; still older castles, dungeons, and deep, sheltered sculptured town gates; mountainous sand dunes; and an enormous wealth of cultural treasures housed in libraries, in universities, and in Holland's incomparable museums.

Measured by American standards, distances are so diminutive that you may as well call this "Heart of Holland" one big city interspersed with fragrant parks, residential quarters, factories, and palaces. There may be a ten-minute or at most a quarter-hour stretch of emerald-green meadows full of black and white cattle

skirting the road, or a short succession of apple and other orchards, but as a rule you are unaware of it when you leave one village or town and enter the next.

Except when we departed from the little Kingdom by way of the very ancient cathedral city of Maastricht in Limburg Province, we did but once venture outside the "Heart of Holland." That one escapade brought us to Gouda, the city famous for its cheese, its candles, and the most magnificent set of stained-glass windows in the world. We stood speechless with amazement before these priceless masterpieces. But the secret object of our visit was my wife's desire to see and enter the Weighing-House in Oudewater, a few miles down the road, where she answered some questions (in English, incidentally) and was given a certificate testifying that she is neither a witch nor a sorceress!

Then we drove back to Amster-

dam, via the university city of Leyden. The day was October 3, which happens to be the anniversary of the lifting of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards in 1573. After watching a ruddy torchlight parade in commemoration of that historic event by the university students and the burghers, great and small, we entered an old vaulted cellarlike room in a restaurant called "The Pancake House," and ate the meal which all tradition-loyal Hollanders eat that day. The meal was of the same composition as that eaten by the 15-year-old boy who let himself down from the town wall on the day the Spaniards left nearly 400 years ago.

It was early morning. The siege had lasted nine months. More than half the citizens had died of starvation. There wasn't a scrap of food left in the city. The boy noticed a pot standing in the middle of a water-soaked meadow. He



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Medieval castle (left), centered in its moat. . . . (Right) Streets of Rotterdam look alive again after the bombs of World War II.



Netherlands Information Service

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Flowers color Holland's countryside and you cut your own when you want.



Old and older mix along Amsterdam's canalized streets.

What the fury of war did to a modern city. At left is the rail square before the Nazi Luftwaffe loosed its bombs. (Right) The rubble has been cleared.



Netherlands Information Service

# New and Old Notes on The Netherlands

**BACK** in A.D. 47 the Roman historian Pliny looked at some Frisian swamp dwellers living on mounds at the mouths of the Meuse, the Rhine, and the Scheldt and said they reminded him of "miserable, shipwrecked sailors."



Though no people today present a more shipshape appearance than the Dutch, that theme of conflict with the sea has keynoted the whole history of The Netherlands. It has been the sea as a method of transportation, as a source of food, and as an area from which to win more land that has threaded Holland's history like the bright gold of a tapestry.

It was the sea in the 17th Century that provided Holland's golden age of exploration, when her fleets ranked her among the world's major powers. Population then barely touched one million; by 1850 it reached 3 million. From 1850 to the present, with the additional factors of industrialization and loss of most of the empire, the population tripled to its present 10½ million.

Covering some 15,800 square miles, The Netherlands is about the size of

Massachusetts and Connecticut together. Its population density is 664 persons per square mile. On that basis the U.S.A. would have 2½ billion people instead of its mere 158 million.

To feed its dense population, Holland has approximately .59 acres of arable land per person. Scientists estimate that about two acres per person are necessary for subsistence.

With so tight a land situation, Dutch farmers must intensify production. Average yields from Dutch cows is 8,377 pounds of milk a year, compared with 4,057 in the U.S.A.



All the Dutch are not farmers and fishermen, as popularly supposed. Together the two occupations account for only 20 percent of the population; the rest is in industry or the service trades.

Despite the blows of a tyrannical occupation and the disastrous flood of 1953, Dutch factories now are turning out 50 percent more goods than in 1938.

World War II cost Holland 40 percent of its productive capacity. More



than 28,000 machines, together with 86 complete factories, were carried off by the Nazis. Some 9.7 percent of the farmland was flooded by destruction of dikes; 92,000 of 2,200,000 houses were destroyed by war.

Using 1938 levels of production as 100, Dutch coal production went from 29 to 57 in the first postwar year; electricity from 18 to 90; fertilizers from zero to 90, and everything continued to grow to the point where The Netherlands could decline direct Marshall Plan aid in 1953.

The Dutch people are governed by an enlightened constitutional monarchy under blonde Queen Juliana, descendant of the House of Orange, which in the 16th Century saved the country from the Spaniards. She and Prince Bernhard have four daughters: Beatrix, Irene, Margriet, and Marijke.



tasted what was in the pot and beckoned to the citizens on the ramparts to come out and join him. What had happened was that the Prince of Orange had caused the dykes to be broken and for the first time in nine months the wind had veered in a favorable direction to inundate the land around Leyden. The Spaniards got wet feet and had broken up camp. The food in the pot which the enemy had been preparing was "hutspot," Spanish stew: potatoes, carrots, onions, and meat. This we ate in deep patriotic sympathy and then proceeded working our way through the rest of the menu.

The way the Dutch cook their beefsteak is without equal in the universe. But then all their food is prepared with the same taste and *savoir-faire*. Dutch bread,

especially the soft rolls called *kadettes*, draws gourmets from all over the world. Dutch breakfasts are so copious that they might well suffice as sustenance for an entire day: assorted breads, rusks and honey cake, assorted cheeses, jam, eggs, sausages, ham, and I don't know what else. The price of breakfast is generally included in the room rate; room and breakfast for two come to 8 florins, a little more than \$2. A dinner at a first-class restaurant comes to the same amount.

Thus fortified each morning there was little danger of exhaustion on our daily sight-seeing trips which included side by side with each other samples of the most modern technological and architectural advance and relics of the

hoariest past in a perfect, graceful state of preservation. School buildings, for instance, entirely made of glass and factories with the most intricate machinery and production methods stand within a stone's throw of churches that were built before St. Peter's in Rome. Castles which were old when Columbus discovered America, with moats, drawbridges, carved ceilings, and huge banquetting halls, are found on the same road with sanitariums and medical clinics of world-wide reputation.

In one of the ancient dungeons, the Gevangen Poort at The Hague, which stands, significantly perhaps, right opposite the 11th Century Hall of the Knights, at present the parliamentary home of Dutch politicians, we were shown a collection of gruesome torture

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE



instruments that made our hair stand on end. Thumbscrews and knives to cut off ears and noses were the least fiendish of these utensils. But stepping back into the mellow Autumn sunlight we happened to see a section of the mechanized army roll by: electric guns, radar, anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, and other machines which may well have been of secret design. At least their fantastic shapes were carefully guarded from the public gaze by tarpaulins. Around the corner began a labyrinthal glass-covered shopping center of narrow streets of such spotless cleanliness that you hesitated to step on them. No vehicular traffic is permitted in

this quarter, so that the footsteps of the pedestrians and their subdued conversation were the only sound heard. The display windows, especially of modern Dutch furniture and silverware, were so fascinating that we could have spent hours in wondering at the high quality of Dutch designers and craftsmanship.

In the "Heart of Holland" are no less than 100 museums. In the immediate vicinity of that famous shopping district in The Hague stands the Mauritshuis containing a gallery of old masters of all nations. But the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam houses not only the greatest collection of paintings in the world, but also what I believe

to be the most wondrous single painting in existence, Rembrandt's *Night Watch*. This is the miracle of chiaroscuro, the conquest of light over darkness. Only to see this painting is worth making a trip to Holland. There are other museums—every locality, in fact, has two or three or a dozen museums of costumes, of furniture, of archaeology, of zoology, of architecture, of war machinery throughout the ages, of fishes and windmills and machinery.

Of course, some Dutch homes are little museums in themselves. In nearly every town one or two houses are open for inspection. You can see there kitchen walls of blue porcelain tile, ancient chairs and tables and sculptured cupboards, the fireplaces with their brass kettles and utensils, and the mountainous beds, the so-called *bedsteden*, piled high with lace and embroidered blankets and pillows. A tiny stepladder stands by the side of the beds to climb in. On the ceiling above the pillows hangs a colored rope with a polished wooden grasp at the end in the shape of a horse-shoe. This is for the awakening sleeper to hoist himself or herself into a sitting position in the morning for a first cup of coffee.

On the way out to the border I could not resist the temptation to stop for a few hours and see the Castle of Loevestein on Monniken-eiland, the Island of the Monks, which lies at the confluence of the French Meuse and the German Rhine, for in its immediate vicinity I was born and brought up. Loevestein Castle is a grim-looking premedieval pile of stone that can be seen for miles. It served once as a political prison and has been called Holland's Bastille. One of the country's greatest sons, Hugo Grotius, the father of international law, was incarcerated there. He escaped in a box which his jailers thought to contain the prisoner's books. The box was shipped across the river to the town of Gorcum. In Gorcum, Grotius was transferred into another box, which still stands in the local orphan asylum. As a boy I crawled into that box many times. I tried once more on this visit. In vain, alas! I think I had eaten too much of the good Dutch fare!

## Rotary in Holland

**ROTARY** in The Netherlands—which numbers 75 Clubs with 2,527 members—travels all avenues of service, with perhaps a shade more vigor in the international area because the world connections of the country make it so.

In this field, a major project is the sponsorship of two scholarships for foreign students at the Academy of International Law at The Hague. Governors of the two Rotary Districts embracing The Netherlands each year choose the countries from which the students are to come. Then they ask Governors in those countries to select the students.

In the same avenue, Dutch Rotarians have organized several Summer youth camps, the most notable of which was the "floating camp" on the IJssellake, formerly the Zuider Zee before Dutch engineering ingenuity converted a good part of it to farms.

This cruise, sponsored by 33 Clubs in District 66, drew boys from Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, France, England, and, of course, The Netherlands. When the cruiser anchored at various points along the IJssellake, the "campers" were guests of Rotarians. They thus had an outstanding opportunity to learn about The Netherlands and its people.

The other avenues of service

are by no means overlooked, however. In the vocational field, Dutch Rotarians staged a somewhat unusual type of group meeting. Instead of having men within the same classification meeting, they called together, for example, retailers with primary producers to discuss mutual problems. Thus "groceries" might meet with "manufacturers" and "distributors" for a discussion of interest to all three. Plans were made for various other occupational classifications to meet similarly, while in the ethical fields, "medicine" and "religion" were brought together.

Rotary began in The Netherlands in 1922, with the issuance of a charter to the Amsterdam Club. Despite the five-year interruption of the Second World War, when the Nazi occupation forced the Clubs to close, there are today the 75 Clubs aforementioned—and that is 41 more than there were when the panzer divisions rolled into the land on that memorable May 10, 1940!

Providing Rotary International with many leaders, the Clubs of Holland have seen the following of their members serve as Directors of RI: J. Anton E. Verkade, of Amsterdam (1924-25); Wm. de Cock Buning, of The Hague (1930-32); Daniel de Iongh, of Rotterdam (1947-48); and A. E. C. de Groot van Embden, of Haarlem (1951-52).





## Meet Jan Van Dieman and Family

**HOLLAND**, for all its picturesque differences, is a land of people (some 10 million of them) with much the same likes and hopes as good men everywhere: family, home, business, an evening of relaxation at home or at the theater or helping the children with their homework—as universal in Rotterdam as in Philadelphia. Fairly typical of them is the family of Jan Van Dieman, an Amsterdam exporter. Meet the Van Diemens in these photographs.

- 1 Papa Jan Van Dieman, who bears a name proud in Dutch exploration annals, looks pretty much as you do at this morning ritual.
- 2 Where you might take your auto, Jan Van Dieman, in like company with his fellow Dutchmen, rides a bicycle to work.
- 3 Anneke and Willem attend one of Holland's many modern schools from 9 to noon and 2 to 4 P.M. from September through most of July.
- 4 Housewives, whether named Liesbeth or Elizabeth, find careful shopping necessary, no matter how ample the supply, if the budget is to hold.
- 5 A Dutch dinner means meat, several vegetables, potatoes and gravy, and soup or dessert. Liesbeth is proud of her modern kitchen.
- 6 "How did the day go, dear?" The day's events are discussed at the dinner table, along with suggestions for the evening's entertainment.
- 7 Recreation may be the theater, a trip to a world-famous art gallery or concert hall—or just a pleasant time fiddling with neighbors.



Photos: The Netherlands Information Service

**T**HE long-distance operator asked me to hold the wire: Mr. Haskins was calling from a city in northern Illinois. Haskins? That should be Tom Haskins, a classmate of mine. And it was—calling from the city where he had been born and reared and to which he had returned after graduating from the University. Tom wanted to know if I would be in the office on the following Monday as he wanted to see me. He had nearly finished his term as President of his home-town Rotary Club and had a couple of matters he wanted to discuss.

Tom arrived on schedule and gave every evidence of the success which his University record had promised. First, he wanted to plan an outstanding International Service program for his Rotary Club. Could we arrange for a panel of students from other countries to come to his Club and provide such a program? He wanted to be sure that they would be able to speak understandable English and that they would have something to say. Could we get them there? How did he make such arrangements?

That one was easy. We could give him a choice of some 500 students from other countries, 66 of them to be exact, most of whom could speak enough English to get by and some very well indeed, and they were accustomed to being called upon for such programs. So that was that, and the arrangement was worked out.

The second one was a very different matter. His Club was in good shape financially. It had good local projects in Community Service all moving along nicely. But it had some funds which might be used for other things. The members were thinking about establishing a loan fund for students from his city and the adjacent area and wanted to get some ideas about the plans which they should use in establishing the fund. He said they had been reading about the various proposals for Federal aid to education and the fact that so many potentially strong students were being denied the opportunity for higher education in

colleges and universities because of financial need. They thought they might be able to do something about it on a local basis and that it would make a fine project for his Rotary Club.

"What would you think, Tom," I said, "if I told you that the University has thousands of dollars, even hundreds of thousands of dollars, invested in Government bonds lying idle because there is no call for them?"

Tom said, "I'd say you were kidding me."

"It's true, just the same," was my reply, "and if you will check with other colleges and universities and private lending agencies that have money available for student loans, you will find they are in the same condition—funds invested because of lack of application for them."

Tom wanted to know what was the trouble. Too much interest and carrying charges? Too restrictive conditions as to repayment? Too much security or collateral? With all this need, surely the demand is there.

No, I pointed out, most colleges and universities and foundations have reduced interest to very low rates or no rates at all until graduation, and then a very low rate until maturity and with the student able practically to write his own ticket as to the plan of repayment. And besides, no restrictive security measures.

"You mean to tell me," said Tom, "that with all this need for higher education by all these fine students who are being denied the opportunity, you can't lend money to them even without interest?"

I assured him that was exactly what I meant.

"Well," he pursued, "if they don't want to borrow money to help themselves, what do they want?"

I told Tom that what they wanted was "scholarships." From there we took off on the whole problem of student aid and had a good look at the whole question.

There are generally three kinds of "student aid": loans, scholarships or grants in aid, and help to gainful employment, which the student carries on while attending the institution of his own choice.

The facts about student loans

are simple. There are plenty of student-loan funds available. They are of two kinds: emergency and long term. The emergency loans are short-term amounts of \$5 to \$100 for 30 to 90 days to help a student over an emergency. There is quite a bit of activity in emergency loans, but they are small and quick, and turn over rapidly. Many veterans have borrowed small amounts on emergency loans

## STUDENT LOAN?



Illustrations by Willard Arnold

Every year, says the author, it grows harder and harder for the college student to finance his schooling, to "work his way," and to pay back loans later. As a result, hundreds of thousands of dollars in student-loan funds are going begging on college and university campuses. What is the solution? This university dean proposes one. . . . What is yours? Your comment in brief letter form will be welcome.—Editors.

until their monthly G. I. checks arrived.

But the long-term loans of \$100 up to \$1,000 to be repaid after graduation? No, thank you. The students of today just aren't interested in them. Why? Usually they will tell you that they just don't want to get into debt, and usually I think they are sincere.

But a disturbing element enters into this, for we find that students

are not nearly as interested in "working their way through college" as they used to be. In a way you can't blame them, for working one's way through college, which was formerly a fairly easy thing to do, isn't so easy any more. In fact, at the level of today's purchasing dollar, it is almost impossible for a student to start from scratch and earn all his expenses. If he has real ability in a special field—typing, shorthand, business-machine operation, something like that—he'll do pretty well, but he'll have to have either a nest egg of savings or some help from home if he is going to cover his expenses. College expenses have about doubled, and that doesn't mean tuition, for it is the cost of college living that has doubled.

But the disturbing element is that, as of today, student-employment offices are unable to find the students to take all the opportunities which are available for them. And it adds up to the fact that many students who need help are unwilling to borrow from student-loan funds, and some are apparently unwilling to work part time to assist themselves in meeting their budgets.

Don't get me wrong. Some students are most willing to work and do a fine job, but there are others who will not borrow, nor will they work on the side.

But they will accept scholarships or grants in aid.

What goes here, anyway?

I recall with a certain uneasiness a trend in thought which came in the '30s in the days of the National Youth Administration (NYA). Some of you will remember it. Federal funds were provided under certain conditions by which colleges and universities could set up work projects for students, supervise the projects, hire the students, and pay them from \$15 to \$25 a month for their work on these projects. The projects were expected to be genuine and subject to audit. In other words, the students were to be given real work, not "made work," and were to do that work. Most institutions were faithful and honest in their administration of these programs. I recall how carefully we designed our application form to be sure that we could confirm the need of

#### A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

the individual before placing him on an NYA job.

But the day eventually came when the student who was filling out his application and came to the questions about help from home, savings, and work income, looked up from his writing and announced: "I'm not going to fill out all this stuff about need—I've come to get the NYA job to which I'm entitled. Now forget this stuff about my needs and give me the job to which I have been assured that I am entitled."

Is this same line of thought carried over into the mind of the student who will not borrow, who does not desire to work for self-support, but who is ready to accept a scholarship or a grant in aid which, in some cases, someone has told him is his right and privilege? Have we indoctrinated youth with the idea of privilege, entitlement, and "it's coming to me"?

Most colleges and universities have scholarship funds or grants in aid. They are so similar that we'll refer here only to scholarships. In either case they are awards of cash or remission of tuition costs or both awarded to students because of past performance and future promise. There are more tuition scholarships than any other kind, but there are many which award cash in addition to tuition. It is apparent that tuition scholarships, without additional cash payments, are misleading at the outset for a tuition scholarship for an institution that charges \$500 a year as tuition is actually no more valuable in dollars than a tuition scholarship at an institution which charges only \$100 a year. The student will have all his living expenses, travel, books, supplies, and the other items which go into the cost of college still to be paid for.

Most institutions have scholarship funds, but there are never enough to go around. And that means that there are enough applications from high-grade applicants with great promise for the future more than to use present available funds.

I told Tom that if we had twice the number of scholarships we now have, and we have many, we



# NO, THANKS!

By FRED H. TURNER

As dean of students at the University of Illinois, Fred H. Turner knows well the many problems which the 29,000 students on the several "U. of I." campuses face. His entire academic career has been spent at the University of Illinois, for he was graduated in 1922, after which he was named assistant dean of men, a capacity in which he served until 1931. Successively he became acting dean of men, dean of men, and then, in 1943, dean of students. He has served as secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Deans and Advisors of Men since 1938, has contributed to current periodicals and educational journals. A member of the Champaign, Ill., Rotary Club, he lives with his wife in Urbana, Ill.





would still be unable to take care of the deserving students who apply. And that means cases of demonstrated need and not just cases of students who apply because they think they are entitled to the grant regardless.

We find that the students who apply for scholarships on the basis of merit and need, but who cannot be helped at the time of application, are the students who are most willing to find work and try to carry themselves until we can aid them or will utilize the loan funds until we can do something for them from scholarship funds.

This is certainly no condemnation of scholarships for they are an essential part of the whole question of student aid. My advice to Tom was this (and he was receptive too): That he go back to his Club and consider the possibility of establishing one or more scholarships for students from his city or area. These could be for a specified institution or for a sum of money to be granted to a worthy student to use at the college of his choice. Further, that he establish some method of selection which

would consider past performance of high-school students and likewise promise for the future. Also, that at this time "need" was to be one of the factors entering into the qualifications. Also, that as few strings as possible should be attached to the plan so that the student could choose his course and college, and make his plan without the dictation of conditions which might be effective now but change later. There are scholarships available today without takers because no one qualifies under restrictions which were set up long ago. We have three scholarships which our committee on scholarships awards each year which must go to students who demonstrate conclusively that they "do not use tobacco in any form, including snuff." We have no trouble in finding candidates for these, but times change and snuff among students is rare.

Two weeks later I had a letter from Tom in which he asked for criticisms and told me that his Rotary Club had decided to establish an annual scholarship plan under the following conditions:

The Rotary Club would award two scholarships each year until further notice to two students graduating from the local high school. The amounts would be \$250 each. One should go to a boy and one to a girl. The candidates were to be selected by a committee made up of a member of the Rotary Club, the superintendent of the city school system, the president of the Women's Club, a local doctor, and a local clergyman. Any high-school senior might apply for the scholarship. He must indicate that he expects to attend an accredited institution of higher learning, but is given his own choice as to the college or university. Qualities to be considered in the selection are to be: high-school average, high-school activities, reputation among students and faculty, promise for the future, and demonstrated need. The scholarship would be granted but not delivered to the student selected until he had actually registered in a college or university.

Tom went on to say that they had agreed upon the qualifications with the understanding that no one qualification would be restrictive, so that if the committee wished to grant a scholarship to a student who was good in everything except that he had never had a chance to be in activities, this would be possible. Or if an outstanding youngster came along who was so outstanding that need should not be a restriction, then they could award accordingly.

I sent it back to Tom without any criticism for I agreed that he had a good plan.

In these days, we need all three: scholarships, loans, and opportunity for self-help. Loans are available, work is available, but there are far too few scholarships. And I mean scholarships for truly meritorious cases who are applying because they need help, not because they think they have it coming to them. Tom's Rotary Club is going to have more fun than it knows in selecting its candidates, recognizing them, bringing them back to meetings for special reports, and watching their future progress. Who knows, maybe some of their own scholarship students may be eventual members of their Rotary Club.

## By the Way...

### A Fable on Professional Services

**A** MERCHANT prince of Persia invited the physician of the Shah to dine at the merchant's palatial home. When the long repast was over, it was far into the night. Then the merchant addressed the doctor.

"My friend," he said, "age is an inconvenient thing. I have ailments I never thought to meet. . . ."

From that moment until the cocks began to crow, the bearded old man poured out his mental and anatomical woes. Finally, filling a crystal goblet with a light, stinging wine, he passed it to his visitor with the challenge, "Tell me, Learned One, what shall I do to get well?"

"Sire," said the physician, "you interest me, for I, too, am troubled. I am completing a modest home. But I have no rugs. Tell me, my host, how can I cover my floors?"

"It is done, Oh healer," said the merchant. "Tomorrow you shall have your pick of the rarest weaves in my stock. And to you, my friend, I shall make a very special price indeed."

"Price?" said the doctor, rising. "You speak of price—and seek my counsel for the asking! Think you, because I have no bazaar, I have nought to sell?"

Then the doctor bowed and murmured, "Come you in the morning to my humble quarters, Your Graciousness, and we will find the remedy you wish . . . and you may be sure that to you, my friend, I shall make a very special price indeed!"

—FREDERICK McDONALD  
Rotarian, Charleston, S. C.



# Does Your Temper Have You?

*Six simple rules for keeping cool in heated moments.*

By CHARLIE W. SHEDD

**T**HE other evening when one of those dental-drill personalities had left the party, a remaining guest muttered, "Wow! Does she have a temper?" To which number two replied, "You're wrong. Her temper has her."

How is it with you? Looking back over the hills of time, most of us can see a cross here or a grave there where we buried some fine part of us with volcanic eruption. And when we push back the grasses, there is the marker: "Done to death by a tantrum—Her temper had him."

For calm in heated moments here are six rules toward self-control:

1. *He who loses his temper, loses.* You always give away more than you get when you become angry.

Three minutes of rage will sap your strength quicker than eight hours of work. Why? Because it has put a terrific strain on your body. When you are angry, your blood rushes to the major muscles of arms and legs. Thus you have greater physical strength, but your brain, lacking its full blood supply, is cut down in efficiency. This is why you say things you do not mean and do things which seem outlandish.

Likewise you lose the respect of those who witness the explosion. Gentleness is a winner and the world yearns for peace.

2. *Learn your danger signals.* There are usually clouds on your own private sky to herald the coming storm.

Study yourself to discover what moods and moments are precarious for you. Perhaps it runs in cycles. Stephen has an ugly spell every 20 days with punctilious regularity. By putting on special care, diverting his thoughts, or taking a trip, he has made himself steady.



Even if your anger follows no pattern, it usually waves a flag before it arrives. Jennifer's most dangerous moments follow in the wake of some high hour when life has been exciting and romantic.

Others are jumpy when they are tired. Check yourself against this question: How many of your flare-ups come late in the day?

3. *Give yourself a cooling-off period.* Remember that the great are sometimes great because they wait five minutes longer.

We were riding one day in Chicago, where they swear at you if you go too fast and swear at you if you go too slow. My driver friend was having a bad time. Some hot-rod-happy in a laundry truck stayed no more than three inches behind us all the way up the boulevard. He made frantic efforts to pass at every opportunity. At last, horn blaring, he swept by us in a lurch, swerved into a four-foot hole to escape a head-on collision, and barely missed side-swiping us in the attempt. To add sand to the wounds the youthful Barney Oldfield turned about and shouted something quite unprintable.

I know what I would have done. You might have, too. But

my friend did not. He carefully pulled off to one side of the street and sat. After some three minutes he turned to me and said, "When I get that mad, I just stop what I'm doing and sit it out."

This is what your mother meant when she said, "Sleep on it, son."

4. *Discover the real cause of your anger and work on that.* Possibly your true motive is long gone.

When you were a child, your mother made you wear rubbers on a damp day and the gang laughed. Today you go up in smoke when your wife insists that you wear rubbers.

When you were little, you lay on the floor to kick and scream. At that moment your parents heard company coming up the walk, so they gave you what you wanted. There are countless grown-up ways to lay on the floor without kicking and screaming outwardly. Maybe you're still trying, with a childish trick, to have your own way.

Mr. Adrian never married. He is allergic to women. Nice fellow, though, and some lonely spinster would be glad to have him. Likewise he'd be free from many tensions if he'd marry.

It would come as quite a surprise if Mr. Adrian would face the truth. He doesn't dislike women. He does dislike the day his mother whipped him till the big red welts came and he cried himself weary far into the night, and he's transferred that resentment to women.

Happy the man who knows where his problems derive. Self-understanding is one step toward self-control.

5. *Don't repress your anger—release it.* Find some healthy outlet and get rid of your fury.

When [Continued on page 61]

**I**T WAS a small lake. If it had a name, our map failed to show it. There are scores, hundreds, maybe thousands, like it up there in the Algoma bush northeast of Lake Superior, lonely lakes that nobody has ever bothered to name.

This one lay in a deep notch between timbered hills. We saw it first, the guide, Frenchy Duchaine, and I, as a patch of blue water shining through the trees far down the ridge. Birches slender and white, and a few dark old pines framed it.

I'll never forget the way that little lake looked. It was a dream spot, a wilderness gem, if I ever saw one. It looked like a spot where a man could come after saving up his choicest fishing dreams for half a lifetime, and have them all come true! If what Frenchy had told me was so—and I had no reason to doubt his story—it was exactly that, too.

We were close to 100 miles from the nearest highway, and 15 or 20 from the railroad that had brought us north from Sault Ste. Marie. We had canoed and portaged into a section of the Algoma bush without roads or trails, looking for places where we could cast a fly or spinner and take a trout and say exultantly to ourselves, "We are the first!"

There's a special thrill in that sort of thing, a thrill that's hard come by in these times of good roads and bush flying. If a man finds such a place once or twice in a lifetime nowadays, he can count himself blessed.

Frenchy had found it the Summer before while short-cutting to the snug cabin, far back in the bush, which was his Winter trap-line headquarters. His map showed a lake he had never seen, at the head of a creek a couple of miles out of his way. He decided to have a look at it. He dragged his canoe across a chain of muskeg bogs, followed the stream as far as he could, portaged over a ridge, and there it was.

It had the look of trout water, as most of the bush lakes do up there. He rigged a rod and made three casts and took two fish. Speckled trout. The world-famed squaretails of Algoma, fish that are worth whatever they may

cost, in time and sweat and black-fly bites, and aching muscles on the long carries! The smaller of Frenchy's two went 16 inches, the larger 17.

After he had eaten, curious to know more about what the lake held, he filed the barb off a hook and went back to fishing. He allowed himself an hour. In that time he lost three or four trout and brought eight to the canoe for wet-handed release.

"And she's all beeg trout, by gee!" he told me earnestly. "She's maybe t'ree hand long."

Fantastic? Too tall a yarn to believe? I know it sounds so if you have fished all your life in travelled country, if you have parked beside the stream, or even if you have fished at average camps, in fairly remote places. But not up there. Not in the nameless lakes of Algoma. As far as the guide had been able to learn—and he knew the district rather well—he was the first to wet a line in this one.

I didn't think it was quite as virginal as that. Probably other trappers wandering through the country had found it and fished it from time to time, taking enough trout for breakfast or supper. But no man had ever cut a trail to it or left a blaze mark beside it, and if it wasn't unfished in the strict and literal sense of the word, it was near enough so to meet my requirements—and to beget in me a compelling eagerness.


The time was toward the end of May. I knew from experience on other Algoma lakes that flies, either wet or dry, would not entice what I sought. At that season of the year when nights are still frosty, squaretails of such size do not feed at the surface. In fact, they apparently have strong convictions against insect fare at all, for even wet patterns fished fairly deep attract little attention. Spinner and worm in combination are the lure—at that time. But I dislike taking speckled trout of whatever size on a short rod. I use a rod of medium weight, one that has killed big trout from Quebec to Alaska. It has sufficient backbone to handle the lure—and sufficient strength to handle the fish. I've tried for years to catch a trout big enough to snap it, but it's still

*Ever wet a line  
in an unfished lake?*

*Here's what happens when  
you do up in Canada's wilds.*



Photo: Roberts



# the Squaretails of Algoma

By BEN EAST

with me and performing good service.

We had brought along night crawlers. Frenchy shoved the canoe out from shore and let it drift while I rigged up. I reached for a drowned snag that showed at the surface, in deep water alongside a sloping shelf of rock, and it took three tries to get enough line out. The third time I was on the money. I let the spinner sink down to the right depth, twitched it into action, and started to bring it back with short, erratic jerks. Before it had moved a rod length I felt the cautious tapping of a big squaretail, feeling me out.

I've caught my share of those overgrown speckled trout in my day. I thought when I landed my first one, and I still think, that the hardest thing a man has to learn about fishing for them is to wait until they really latch on! They don't always do it, but a lot, especially in lakes, have a trick of nudging the bait a few times in an odd, crafty fashion before they really take hold. If you strike then, your fish is gone, wiser and no sadder.

The trick is to wait, whatever effort of will it may cost you, until that delicate tapping stops and there is a sudden hard tug, the shock of an honest strike. You set the hook then and set it hard, and brace yourself for some of the fanciest acrobatics a speckled trout ever performed on the end of a leader!

I let my fish have his way while he nosed the bait and made up his mind. He bunted it a couple of times, dropped back, bunted it again—and then I got the signal I was waiting for. I whipped the rod back and jolted the hook into him. He let go like a small depth charge.

He had a very neat bag of tricks and he showed them all. He came to the top and slashed and cartwheeled, bored straight for bottom, jumped clear of the water three or four times and then went deep again and spun like a pinwheel. I gave line when I had to and took it back when I could. The power drained out of him at last and he gave in and let me lead him up, one stubborn step after another. At that he had enough voltage left to buck like a wild steer when Frenchy finally reached for him with the landing net.

He was a beautiful fish, dark as the water that bred him, with the white-bordered fins and the streak of rose on his belly that are the speckled trout's clan marks. As close as we could measure without lifting him from the net, he was between 17 and 18 inches in the prime of life!

The guide eased the hook out of his jaw and slid the net away from him, and we watched him sink slowly and then flash out of sight with a sudden lunge born of the knowledge that he was free again. When you can put 'em back



the size of that one, mister, you've found yourself some fishing!

No matter where we laid a lure, it seemed, there was a squaretail waiting to pounce on it. They were schooled in deep water where the rocky shore fell away in a sheer wall, and up in the shoals as well. They were laired around every snag and under every rock shelf. They were close inshore and they were out in the middle. And to a fish, they were hungry and spoiling for a fight. We took a dozen in little more than an hour. Two that were hooked in the gills, too deep to be released, we carried ashore for dinner. Such trout go well with black tea boiled in an open pail, and bread spread with strawberry jam. The others we returned to the lake without taking them from the landing net.

And where is the Algoma country, where all this happened? It is a belt of wilderness running north from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada, to Hearst on the Trans-Canada Highway, better than 200 miles long and 50 wide. It's one of the ruggedest areas in Canada east of the Rockies.

It wouldn't be truthful to say it has more water than land, although the amount of blue on a detailed map is enough to give you that impression. It's laced with streams, and dotted with lakes the way a leopard skin is with spots. And in more of the lakes than any man can name, the squaretail is the only inhabitant, sharing the water with no bass or pike or gray trout, no game fish of any other kind—a trout fisherman's Valhalla!

Most fishermen use the Algoma Central from the Canadian Soo. A road runs north from the Soo along the shore of Lake Superior as far as Michipicoten. Inland, the country is roadless and the really good fishing is beyond the road's reach, of course. My earnest advice to outsiders is not to tackle it alone. It's fabulous fishing country, but it's wild and big and rough. You can fly out from the Soo in an hour to places it would take a month to walk back from. It's no place to find your own way around unless you are a professional woodsman—and even then you need a map!

So if you are an average fisherman with a yen for big speckled trout, and the Algoma sounds like the place you have been looking for all your life, go ahead and lay your plans. You'll do all right up there. But make contact in advance with a reliable fishing camp and arrange for accommodations, guides, canoes, and the rest of what you need. It will cost a little more that way, but you'll get what you pay for.

**B**E SURE you pick a reputable outfit. In Canada as everywhere you can get a bad one, and while there aren't many of the other kind, one is all it takes to spoil your fun. A good guide can make your trip worth while; a bad one can ruin it. Last Summer, for example, a friend came to me and wanted to arrange an Algoma trip with his brother, home from Korean waters on a Navy leave. I fixed them up at the Canadian Soo.

When they stepped off the train at an Algoma milepost a week later, two other fishermen from the States were just emerging from the bush. They had portaged and paddled more than 20 miles back from the railroad. Their guide, hired at bargain rates, was shiftless and incompetent. They had eaten poor food, slept on the ground, and fought black flies. They had found no fishing worth a single mile of portage. Their wives waited for them at the railroad, in an ill-kept shack arranged for by the guide. Never again for that party!

My friend with his brother, however, stayed a week. They ate food as good as you can buy in the best restaurant in your home town. Not as fancy maybe, but as good. They slept in comfortable beds in a snug camp, under Hudson Bay point blankets. Their canoe was ready, their fishing mapped out in advance. Competent guides made the trip both easy and pleasant, which is what a man usually wants when he goes on a vacation. Finally, they caught trout so big, and so many of 'em, that they didn't believe their own fish stories by the time they arrived home.

That's the way to do it, in the squaretail country of Algoma!

## How Long Do You Want to Live?

**D**O YOU paw the ground while waiting for a bus, an appointment, or in a queue? Subtract ten years.

Do you run up and down stairs? Begin getting estimates now for the installation of a new heart. They are in short supply and you may have to manage with the one you have worn out.

Do you have several extra money-making activities besides your regular source of income? You'll need them to support you during your last lingering illness.

Do you relax and enjoy the scenery when you're a passenger? If you share the driver's tension, subtract ten years.

Do you consider yourself indispensable and insist on holding tightly to the reins? Neanderthal man thought he was a very important guy too.

Do you sprint to catch the bus immediately after eating? It is a guaranteed method of acquiring a stroke, if you have always wanted one.

Do you blow your top and sizzle over like a coffee percolator? It's your blood pressure; enjoy it.

Do you play a few sets of tennis on a hot afternoon as you did when

you had hair? Keep enough ready cash in the house so your wife can purchase a complete new black outfit on short notice.

Do you manage with just a few hours of sleep each night? The cemetery is very quiet and restful; you'll catch up over eternity.

Do you crowd a month of riotous activity into your annual two-week holiday? Keep your insurance paid up so your survivors can have calmer vacations.

Does your home resemble a convention, telephones ringing and radios loud? Our mental institutions are becoming increasingly popular. When you collapse, take plenty of clothes with you, since most cases require lengthy treatment.

Do you eat what you like whenever you feel the urge regardless of calorie and vitamin specifications? Hospitals now have waiting lists, so make your reservation in advance to enjoy their blue-plate gruel special when your stomach refuses to cooperate.

If you have said "No" to all the above questions, you do not belong to this generation.

—Irene Craig Neil



# They Spoke Out for Decency

Unusual

Rotarians



W. Horace Carter



Baldwin

By

**LEE BRAXTON**

Rotarian, Whiteville, N. C.

Willard G. Cole

**D**OWN in the peaceful countryside of lower North Carolina, the searing crosses of bigotry, like the flame and the moth, burned a lot of innocent people until two courageous Rotarian newspapermen turned loose the chilling stream of publicity to extinguish them.

The two men are Willard G. Cole, of Whiteville, and W. Horace Carter, of Tabor City. To them and their papers has recently come the proudest award in United States journalism, the Pulitzer Prize, for their outstanding community service in ridding Columbus County of the Ku Klux Klan. This hooded order of anonymous night riders had taken the law unto itself in this otherwise lawful and lovely region of the Tarheel State. Floggings had grown common, and the citizen, black or white, knew not whether he would be next for something the Klan thought culpable. There was no question of a trial, simply summary execution of an unknown sentence.

In shouldering their task the two editors faced the very real possibility of terroristic reprisals on themselves and their families. Horace Carter has two children, aged 7 and 4; Willard Cole, nearer the center of Klan activity, carried a gun in his car on the advice of the sheriff. It wasn't a neurotic precaution;

the Klan in its history never hesitated to attack its opponents physically. Flogging, house burning, even murder, were its weapons against those who would expose it. Against this, Rotarians Cole and Carter pitted the lonely weapons of courage and the printing press, for, as Willard Cole put it, "You just have to stand for what's right. If you don't, you aren't standing for much."

The Klan they faced and whipped was part of the residue of the second of two organizations bearing the name. The first was a post-Civil War organization, essentially a Southern defense reaction against Northern carpetbaggers bent upon the spoils of victory. The second Klan began in 1915. Intolerant hatred was its principal doctrine, terror its principal weapon. At one time, in the '20s, it embraced 100,000 members, not all of them by any means Southerners. Its tentacles reached into the higher ranks of governments.

Exposure of its corruption-ridden hierarchy began its decline, but as in all such collapses, enclaves remain or are brought into being again by former members. This was the organization that Cole and Carter attacked. Operating a semiweekly with a circulation of 5,000, Cole struck [Continued on page 55]

# What's in a Song?

*Whenever you lift your voice  
in one, you tap a power  
that has built or wrecked  
men and nations.*

By DORON K. ANTRIM



Illustration by  
Willard Arnold

"A SONG, what is it?" asked Augustus Thomas, American playwright-producer, testifying before the Committee on Patents in the U. S. House of Representatives in 1925. "There is nothing so slight," he went on, "nothing so evanescent; there is nothing so ephemeral, and yet nothing of so much power."

Nor was the playwright merely orating. There's potential TNT in a simple ditty. Songs have changed the course of history. Songs have wrought miracles to help man in his fight for freedom.

You recall how *The Star-Spangled Banner*, penned by Francis Scott Key at one of the lowest ebbs in American history during the War of 1812, steeled the will of the people to finish what they had begun. You remember how France's *Marseillaise* kept a revolution boiling and goaded the people to besiege the Tuileries.

"Monster," said the poet Gottlieb Klopstock to the composer Rouget de l'Isle, "your music killed 50,000 Germans."

You may remember how *God Save the King* helped to stay the Jacobite invasion of Britain and unite England. History has been written in song. But here's an in-

cident not recorded in the history books.

The Brussels Opera House was packed to the doors one August evening in 1838 with a strangely tense audience. There was the feeling that Auber's new opera, *La Muette*—*The Dumb Girl of*

*Portici*, was documentary dynamite touching on the galling rule of the Dutch under which Belgium had chafed ever since the Treaty of Vienna.

The house quieted as the velvet curtain parted. The opening of the opera seemed innocent

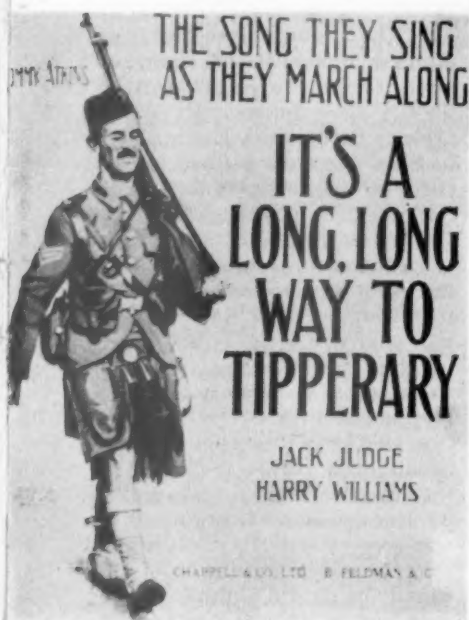


"By the dawn's early light" Francis Scott Key watches the British bombardment of Fort Mifflin in 1814 and pens an anthem that moves his fellow Americans to national solidarity.

enough. Then it happened. That fiery appeal to patriotism *Amour sacré de la patrie* was sung. The audience never heard the opera through. It surged to its feet, pushed into the street, and started the revolution by means of which Belgium gained its independence from Holland.

But songs sway people in other, unsuspected ways. There's the song that helped lift a depression, the song that saved a life, the song that settled a strike. But that's not all.

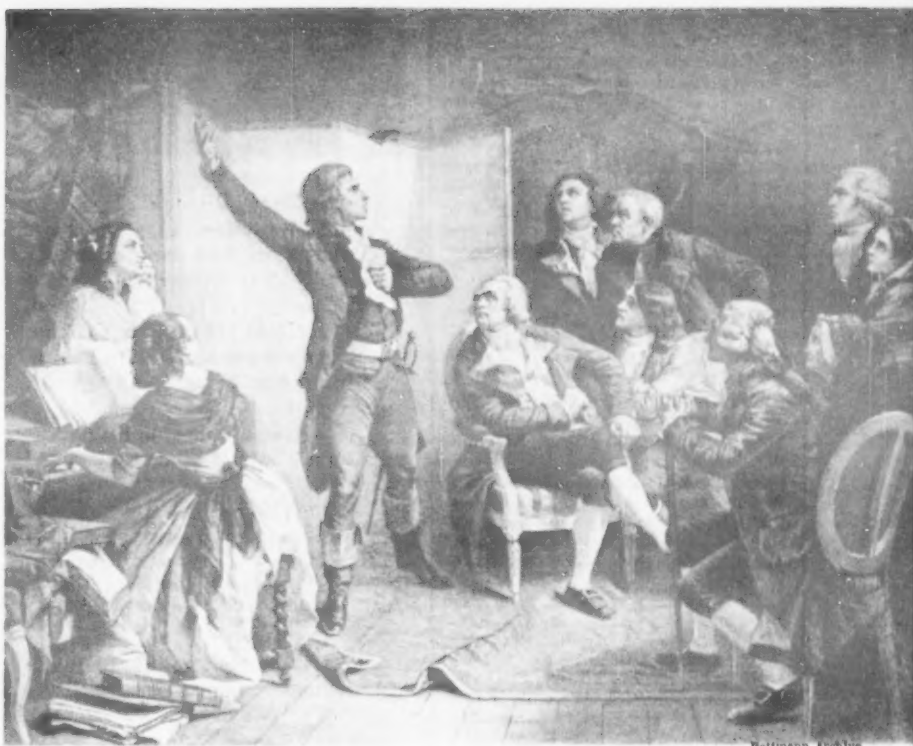
You've probably sung *Ach, du lieber Augustine* in Rotary without being aware of its history. Legend has it that after the Turks invaded Austria in the 16th Century and war had devastated Europe, a troubadour walked



through Vienna streets one day singing *Ach, du lieber Augustine*. The song was new and cheery and had a lilt to it. Followers trailed after him singing the tune. Soon all Vienna was singing it. Then all Europe. It helped lift the depression. People again began to work and to hope.

Doctors call it "music therapy," the use of music for healing purposes in hospitals. Here's an incident of what a song did for one patient:

"If you can get the words of



French Painter Pils here depicts (above) the scene when Composer Rouget de l'Isle electrified his audience—and later his nation—by singing his soul-stirring *Marseillaise*. . . . More than a century later another song, *It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary* (left), saved a British regiment.

*Yon Yonson* to us in not later than ten minutes, you may help save a man's life."

This phone message came to the music library of the National Broadcasting Company's New York studios one night. A surgeon at Bellevue Hospital explained that a Swede about to undergo an emergency operation was so hysterical with fear that the surgeons hesitated to go ahead. The patient had been trying to recall the words of *Yon Yonson* which he said he had sung years ago. He couldn't, which added to his hysteria. When the words were relayed to him, his face lit as though greeting an old friend. He sang the song and began to quiet down. The operation was a success.

In battle a good song can inject new life into a regiment. Retreating from Mons in World War I, an English regiment, closely pursued by the Germans, collapsed, exhausted, in the square of St. Quentin. If they stayed, they'd be captured. Dashing into a deserted toy shop, Lieutenant General Tom Bridges emerged tooting *Tipper-*

*ary* on a 10-cent fife and beating a toy drum. Weary heads stirred. Aching bodies lifted. In ten minutes the entire regiment was marching off to safety, to the strains of *Tipperary*.

*Yankee Doodle*, as you know, was the marching song of the American Revolution and was sung by British and American troops in the War of 1812. The British used it to make fun of the Yankees. But the latter got back at them.

One April morning during the war, Aaron Bates, keeper of the lighthouse at Scituate, Massachusetts, had gone to town for supplies, leaving his two girls alone. They were up polishing the reflectors when one of them glanced over the harbor. "Look!" she cried, a catch in her voice.

Sailing into the harbor was a British man-of-war. The girls stood transfixed as they saw the warship anchor and dispatch a boatload of soldiers shoreward, for this could mean only one thing: invasion of Scituate, half a mile away. There was no time to





## Bouquet for Buddy

**CORSAGES** are expensive for 11-year-olds, even when they're free—but they can pay lifetime dividends.

All of which came about when my 11-year-old nephew, Buddy, became involved in a young people's dance. Each girl was to ask a boy. Both Buddy and his sister were going.

The problem arose when a corsage arrived at the house for Betty. It troubled Buddy; he was mature enough to put aside a portion of his weekly allowance regularly, but the idea of using it for flowers for a girl was somewhat foreign.

The question was: should he? He sought the more experienced counsel of his father. There was a man-to-man talk about the obligations a gentleman assumes in escorting a lady to a dance—even if the lady did extend the invitation.

A short discussion later, Buddy and his father were en route to the florist's, where Buddy settled for gardenias. He signed the appropriate card and supplied the necessary address.

The florist said, "Taking her to the dance tonight, son?"

Buddy's agreement was magnificently nonchalant.

"Your first dance?" was the next question.

Again the nonchalant agreement, accompanied by a reaching pocketward for the necessary funds.

"Then keep your money, son," the florist said. "This one's on the house!"

Now, if you're a materialist, you might suspect the florist merely was making a smart advertising gesture, a promotion he knew would be repaid many times over by the creation of a loyal customer right at the beginning of his flower-buying days. He might even have been thinking the parents would reciprocate with some business.

But since he was a man who loved flowers, it's more than likely he knew that the best things in life are free—your life, your happiness, your understanding, your kindness, and your generosity. These cost nothing, as Buddy learned.

—J. Shenton Lodge  
Rotarian, Warwick County, Va.

warn the townsfolk. The girls thought fast. "Quick," said one, "Grandfather's fife and drum."

The boatload of British troops had almost reached shore when ears caught the faint but challenging notes of a fife and drum playing *Yankee Doodle*. Oars were stayed, heads bent together, back turned the boat to the man-of-war which quickly hoisted anchor and sailed away. The ruse had worked. The British thought Yankee troops were stationed in the town. Scituate was saved—and by two girls playing *Yankee Doodle*.

At a crucial time in England's history it was a song that saved the situation.

During World War I a strike of Welsh coal miners threatened to cripple England's production. Prime Minister Lloyd George sent General J. C. Smuts to Wales to negotiate. On confronting the grim miners, General Smuts made a strange request. He asked the miners to sing *Land of Our Fathers*, the Welsh national anthem. The men swelled the chorus as only true Welshmen can.

In the hush that followed, the General stepped forward. "After hearing you sing as you did, what can I say?" he said. "The front-line trenches today are not in France, but in the coal mines of Wales. Here it is that the war will be won or lost. Is this to continue the land of your fathers or is it perhaps to become something alien? It is you, and you alone, who can preserve the land of your fathers, for your sons and grandsons for all time."

Following these words, General Smuts went back to London. When he reached the Cabinet chambers, his colleagues crowded around him with congratulations. The miners had returned to work.

You might not think, though, that a song could affect the reputation of a man. Consider this instance. It occurred in the U. S. House of Representatives when Augustus Thomas made the remarks on the power of a song I quoted at the start of this article.

"I saw a member, the equal of any in this room, destroyed by a comic song," he went on to say. "He was a man who had been elected to the lower House from Ohio, who had gone away and

taken up his residence in New York, who was again elected there, and who was representing New York when he chose to attack Benjamin F. Butler in what was rather vitriolic language. And when the chairman was called upon to suppress him, the friends of Butler simply asked that Butler be allowed to reply, and Butler, as you know by the history of it, got up on the Republican side of the House, and said: 'I will reply to the gentleman from New York in the language of every newsboy on the street, "*Shoo fly, don't bother me.*"' That was a popular comic song. Sunset Cox was not a very large man and the reference destroyed him. He never recovered from it; his usefulness in Congress was gone, and his importance at home faded out."

**A** SONG sometimes brings strange repercussions upon its author. Here's an instance: Shortly after the song *My Wife's Gone to the Country* became a hit in 1909, it started a furor among reform organizations which claimed that it was breaking up the American home. These militant organizations wanted to have the song suppressed. Failing in this, they hounded George Whiting, who wrote the lyrics, wanting him to withdraw the song, threatening to boycott any further songs of his.

A well-known women's organization once cornered George in the office of a New York music-publishing house. George said he was sorry about the effect of the song; he just intended a bit of fun. Finally, to get rid of the ladies, he promised to write a song glorifying the American home. He kept his promise years later with *My Blue Heaven*, an all-time big hit.

Make of this what you will. You might give more credence to that oft-quoted line of Beranger's: "Ye who may make laws for the people; let me write the songs." The Rotary songbook has a good collection of songs, some of which stress Rotary objectives and service. Possibly you'll feel inclined to lend a little more support when the singing starts at Rotary meetings. It could do things to you, the right things. And it could do things to your Club.

THE ROTARIAN



# PEEPS

## at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Safe Enamel.** A new, fast-drying enamel that is entirely free of lead pigments and other toxic ingredients has just been developed. A real pigmented enamel—not a vegetable coloring—it can be used on all surfaces wherever regular enamels are used, and is especially recommended for surfaces which are exposed to infants and children's nibbling curiosity, such as the crib, play pen, nursery furniture, high chair, toys, etc. The enamel is easy to apply, is quick drying, and is tough and long wearing.

■ **Skylight Glass Block.** The daylighting advantages of skylights have been recognized for hundreds of years, but the problems of condensation, glare, and heat gain and loss have been a serious stumbling block to skylight popularity. These difficulties have now been largely overcome by the development of a new glass block especially designed for use in skylights both structurally and optically.

■ **Push-Button Shoe Shine.** A shoe-polishing material is now being put up in an aerosol pressure can which is released by pressure on a button. When buffed, it provides an excellent waterproof shine.

■ **Plastic Hemispheres.** Hemispheres made of clear plastic are now available which when placed over outdoor seedlings will protect them from light frost. The protective hoods permit sunlight to stream through, but do not screen out the ultraviolet rays. They can be washed and re-used.

■ **Sprinkler Stopper.** A sprinkler head that has "let go" as the result of a fire or because of mechanical trouble can now be quickly shut off by the insertion of a new plug designed for this purpose. Sprinklers are shut off to minimize damage when the fire has been extinguished. The unit head is wedge shaped and contains a spring-backed plate and a rubber diaphragm. Inserting the wedge in the sprinkler-head frame applies pressure which completely closes the outlet.

■ **Battery Coating.** A new reflective coating has been used successfully in hot-weather areas of the U.S.A. to reduce the damaging effects of heat on storage batteries. In the same way that an aluminum roof keeps a building cooler, the brilliant finish reflects radiant heat and keeps the internal temperature of the battery as much as ten degrees Fahrenheit cooler when the air temperature is 100 degrees. The reduction in temperature decreases the rate of self-discharge by one-third, thereby prolonging the life of the battery. Applied by brush or spray, the new finish adheres to and

covers with one coat either rubber or composition battery cases, the lead connectors, and all materials used on the battery surface. The coating also stops acid creepage and prevents corrosion of terminals and battery cables. Developed originally for use on their own batteries, the compound has been in such demand that the manufacturers have released it for general use.

■ **Small Tractor.** One of the most practical and valuable small tractors for farming operations from one to ten acres in size is powered by a 5½-horsepower motor and is the smallest tractor you can ride which has the necessary assortment of attachments.

■ **Rock-Drilling Torch.** A torch which gives a temperature up to about 8,000 degrees Fahrenheit is said to be the finest thing known for piercing reinforced-concrete structures, for it will burn through the concrete or masonry in seconds from the time of contact. It will penetrate to about six inches at the rate of one to three inches a minute. With this arc-torch difficult jobs become easy.

■ **Weed Dabber.** An applicator for liquid weed killers allows the user to rid his lawn quickly of weeds without back-breaking toil. Operating on the end of a long stick, the device carries 16 ounces of 2,4-D weed killer or anything of that kind which is dabbed on the plant through a sponge on the applicator.

■ **Faster Bookmaking.** A new hot melt resin takes only seconds to dry, against hours needed for animal glue—thus helping to speed mass production of



*Taking full advantage of leverage and springs, this garden shovel is said to make unnecessary more than half the labor of spading by the usual methods.*

low-cost books. One printing company is able to pour forth a torrent of books at the rate of 20,000 an hour. This is 330 a minute from a single binding machine, or more than twice as fast as was possible with old-type glue. This new hot melt adhesive forms a bond which is not affected by humidity and which mice or insects will not eat. It does not dry out or become brittle. Books thus treated also open flatter than those using animal glue in backing.

■ **Brush-On Solder.** A new brush-on paste can be used to join all common metals except aluminum and magnesium. The heat from the flame of a cigarette lighter is said to be sufficient to complete the joint. The paste is considered especially good for emergency repairs around the house.

■ **Plant-Food Spray.** A plant-food combination is now available which may be sprayed on leaves or applied to the soil. It is a fast-acting, odorless spray for house plants, roses, ornamental shrubs, shade trees, or lawn. It moves rapidly through the leaf surface and becomes quickly available for plant growth. This leaf spraying is particularly favorable during dry weather when there may not be enough moisture in the soil to carry plant nutrients through the roots. It is used one tablespoonful to a gallon of water and may be put on with a spray or hose or applied to the ground around the plants.

■ **Anatomical Models.** New practically indestructible anatomical models, said to be the first new commercial medical sculpture in more than 50 years, are made possible with vinylite resins. They have not only the appearance but also the texture of living tissues, organs, and other parts of the human body, being accurately sculptured from authentic dissections and molded in three dimensions. The vinylite resins were chosen for these models because of their resistance to oxidation, decay, abrasion, oils and soap, and water. They serve excellently for teaching anatomy in schools.

■ **Hardness for Paint.** With a new zirconium-based drier catalyst, paint films may now be given a surface hardness almost like glass. The film adhesion is thereby greatly increased without embrittlement.

■ **Lubricant Coating.** The discovery of the remarkable lubricating properties of molybdenum disulphide makes possible a lubricant coating that puts a lustrous, hard, clean coating only a few thousandths of an inch thick on practically any kind of metal, as well as plastic, glass, and ceramics. Its most important use is in optical and electronic apparatus where liquids or materials containing volatiles cannot be used.

\* \* \*

*Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.*

# Meet Your President

*Some notes about Joaquin Serratoso Cibils,  
Rotary's world leader from Uruguay.*



**J**OAQUIN Serratoso Cibils is a man you would like to sit next to at a dinner. His face, browned under sunny South American skies, mirrors his good health, his geniality, and his innate friendliness. His immaculate attire, precision-clipped mustache, and erect bearing bespeak his concern for personal dignity, while his eyes merrily tell you that he has no time for stuffiness. He'll laugh heartily at your favorite anecdote, and then he'll turn around and tell you his. It is in such ways that Rotary's new President reveals many of the qualities that have won and held for him a legion of friends in many lands.

But there are other qualities about this businessman of Montevideo, Uruguay, not so easily discernible. The great tact and diplomacy he brings to his relations with friends and business associates alike constitute a side of his personality learned by those who have worked closely with him. So keen is his sense of fair dealing that, a little more than a decade ago, it was instrumental in settling a frontier controversy between two neighboring South American nations.

As any student of Ibero-Ameri-

can history will tell you, the border dispute between Ecuador and Peru was no minor grievance. It had existed for a century and a half, and involved a large area that extended great distances east of the Andes region. Attempts to reach a settlement had been made by commissions, State diplomats, and even by the King of Spain—but all without success.

In 1941 Rotarians offered to help the opposing Governments compose their differences by putting to work Rotary's ability to bring together, in a spirit of

friendship and coöperation, men with conflicting views. This proposed action had the consent of the Presidents of Peru and Ecuador, and also the approval of Cordell Hull, then U. S. Secretary of State, who had been informed of the plan by Tom J. Davis, of Butte, Montana, President of Rotary at that time. Mr. Hull remarked, "President Davis, not only may you say that you have the consent of your Government, but you have its coöperation."

Thus it was that three Rotarians were appointed by President Davis to study the boundary problem and to organize a plan for its solution. The men worked together for four and a half days, and produced a formula whose terms were almost identical to those of the



*Among President Serratoso's prized Rotary mementos is this parchment signed by participants of the 133d District Conference in Punta del Este, Uruguay. He holds it with Mariano Florencio Collazo (right), 1952-53 Governor of the District.*

settlement outlined later at a special Inter-American conference in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

The three Rotarians were Cesar D. Andrade, of Guayaquil, Ecuador, a former Finance Minister of his country; Andres F. Dasso, of Lima, Peru, a former member of the Peruvian Senate; and Joaquin Serratoso Cibils, in whose Montevideo home the plans were formulated. To his task as conciliator during the discussions, Rotary's new President brought the kind of diplomacy that smooths the path to compromise and agreement.

Veteran Rotarians of old District 63 will also tell you that Rotary's leader for 1953-54 is no believer in easy goals. As proof, they'll point to the record he achieved in 1937-38 when, as Governor of that area, he spurred an extension program that resulted in the formation of 28 new Rotary

that saw "10,000, 12,000, maybe 15,000 Clubs in the world," and he urged Rotarians to strive for the time when Will Manier's vision would become a reality. "For the more Clubs we have," he told the Convention audience, "the more friends we have; and the more friends, the greater our opportunities for service."

Sighting new horizons comes naturally to Joaquin Serratoso for he comes from hardy Uruguayan ancestors who forged new horizons in the industrial and medical fields of their country. His grandfather, Jaime Cibils, pioneered in the meat industry of Uruguay, and in his packing plants meat extracts were processed for the first time. His pioneering spirit also left its mark on Uruguayan banking, railroading, and municipal transportation.

In the work of his father, Dr.

ture. In 1914 he established the company he now heads, the firm of Serratoso and Castells, representatives in Uruguay for the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Export Company, Westinghouse Electric International Company, General Motors, and other North American and European companies.

His numerous public services have included membership on the International Olympic Committee, chairmanship of the National Commission against Tuberculosis and Cancer, and a directorship of the League of Cultural Relations between Uruguay and the U.S.A.

At President Serratoso's side in his business and civic activities, and in his efforts to further Rotary's program, has been his charming wife, Sofia, who now holds with gracious mien the title of Rotary's First Lady. An accomplished linguist whose fluency includes English, French, and Italian besides her own native Spanish, she is a true world traveller who is "at home" on any of the Continents. She is happy over the new honor that has come to her husband, and when the President of Uruguay personally congratulated Joaquin upon his election as Rotary's world leader, Mrs. Serratoso beamed radiantly, too.

The months ahead will be busy ones for the Presidential Couple, as Joaquin's plans for Rotary's continued progress take hold.



*At the edge of a pond in his home city, Joaquin pauses before La Carreta, a bronze sculpture depicting a covered wagon of Uruguay's early pioneer days.*

Clubs in Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay. His motto was "For each Club, another Club." The following year he was again elected Governor. Later, under his Chairmanship of Rotary's Extension Committee for Ibero-America in 1943-44, 52 Clubs were organized in that region.

Has his belief in setting high goals—and working to reach them—changed since those years? The words he spoke in Paris at the Convention that elected him to Rotary's highest office answers that question. There in the Palais des Sports he recalled the vision of the late Will R. Manier, Jr., President of Rotary in 1936-37,

Antonio Serratoso, young Joaquin saw the spirit of enterprise and initiative applied in the medical field. One of the most distinguished physicians of his country, Dr. Serratoso founded the School of Medicine of Montevideo. Today a ward of the Clinical Hospital of that city bears his name. Memories of his father came back to Joaquin Serratoso in Paris during Rotary's Convention, for it was there that the doctor passed away while travelling with his son.

After attending school in his native Montevideo and the University of Uruguay, Joaquin as a young man was active for many years in cattle raising and agricul-



*A gracious lady ever at the side of the President is Sofia Serratoso Cibils, Rotary's First Lady for 1953-54. A talented linguist, she speaks four languages, has travelled widely.*



# New Ripple on the River



The Bo-Van, named for a county judge and a Rotarian school superintendent, takes passengers aboard for their four-day cruise of entertainment and fun.



Under way! The Bo-Van pulls away from her Louisville, Ky., dock en route upriver. A group of parents and friends are on hand to wish the cast well.

There's time for a sunbath—and members of Chuckles of 1953 take it while moving lazily upstream. . . . (Right) Charlie Vettiner, originator of the cruise, chuckles with a group of Chucklers while Vernon Gillock, Mayor of Carrollton, Ky., exhibits an official shirt.



***It may be an old idea, but young people  
with enthusiasm can revive anything—  
it's the new Showboat!***

**"SHOWBOAT'S a'coming!"** In 1880 those welcome words rang out 72 times each day somewhere in the U. S. Mississippi watershed because there were 72 of the white, glistening, floating theaters bringing their magic and mimicry to the isolated towns of mid-America. Today there isn't one left—oops! Beg pardon: there's one which travelled this Summer from Louisville, Kentucky, upriver to Lockport on the Kentucky and back again with 89 of the handsomest and healthiest bunch of actors and actresses you ever saw. It consisted of a theater barge, a dormitory barge, and a pusher Diesel tug—and the youth of Jefferson County, Kentucky, with a show, *Chuckles of 1953*. The troupers were all teen-agers from Louisville high schools with their annual variety show; the showboat was a product of the fertile brain of Rotarian Charlie Vettiner, director of the Jefferson County (Louisville) Play-ground and Recreation Board.

A cheery fellow who has made recreational history before, Charlie talked about the project in his Shively Rotary Club (and any place he could get an audience). The whole thing came together with the teen-agers paying their own passage money, and earning costs through admissions and sale of program advertising. So the whole show shoved off at 8 A.M. of a Summer morning and arrived upriver 65 miles at Carrollton for the evening performance. Under way at 1 A.M., they arrived at Frankfort, capital of Kentucky, by 2:30 P.M. the second day out and gave a show for the Governor of the State and other community leaders. Third day out they traversed four locks of the Kentucky River, then turned around and went home in one day—with absolute fun and a highly educative experience under their belts. So that's how it was—park board, Rotary Club, townspeople, kids, pitched in together to achieve something unique, worth while, and unforgettable. Next year's plans call for a show trip via plane to Havana, Cuba.

*It's a show for all ages—and here it delights a Carrollton, Ky., audience. The showboat, with all the entrancing magic of lights and pretty girls (inset), provides a memorable adventure both for young and old "out front" and for 89 high-school students onstage.*



*A Rotarian's son, "Admiral" Bobby Kirchdorfer, skippers Bo-Van down the Ohio.*



*Time out to wash the hair! Betty Webb, one of the cast of Chuckles of 1953, performs the eternal feminine chore.*



# Speaking of BOOKS

*Americana in documents, biography,  
and fiction ready for the new school year.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

I'M ONE of a very large number of readers—mainly masculine, I suppose—who enjoy action-packed stories of ranch and mountain and Indians and stage-coaches, provided only that they are reasonably credible and moderately well told. Just once in a blue moon there comes along a "western" with a difference: one in which there are all the tension and drive of the usual article, plus characters that really live and imaginative experience that's worth remembering. Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *The Ox-Bow Incident* was such a book. Jack Schaefer's *The Big Range* is another.

"Jeremy Rodock . . . was a big man in many ways and not just in shadow-making size." You've read three sentences and you know you've found a writer who can make you see and care about the people in his book. That's true of a wide range of kinds and conditions in *The Big Range*: Sergeant Houck and Elvie Burdette; "General" Pingley, the incurable Confederate; and Cooter James, the eventually converted woman-hater. Imaginative insight and craftsman's skill are both essential if a writer is to do what Jack Schaefer does with his characters. Thorough study of Western history is essential if these characters are to live and move in a believable framework of scenery and social relations. Jack Schaefer gives testimony to the special merit of the telling of Western history in *Frontiers of the Northwest*, by Harold E. Briggs. Schaefer's pages have solid grounding on such substantial books of factual history as Briggs'. The combination of authentic background and living people makes, in the best of the stories in *The Big Range*, fiction of a very high order of literary merit, with no less of the usual appeal of the "western."

Stories of positive literary merit and lasting interest that are based on competitive sports are so few and far between that one big book could hold them all. *The Argosy Book of Sports Stories*, edited by Rogers Terrill, contains few if

any of these sports "greats," but it is an enjoyable collection of much better than average sports stories with a very wide range of material: indeed, one of the editorial purposes seems to have been to include at least one story for every important sport. There's a generous measure of recreational reading in this collection.

As this article reaches reading Rotarians, another U.S.A. baseball season will be drawing toward an end. New records and new incidents will have been added to the history of the game. Baseball history admirably recounted is the substance of Robert Smith's *Heroes of Baseball*, a volume which I've been reading with much pleasure. It is made up of concise biographical sketches of more than 30 men who made substantial and in some cases decisive contributions to the shaping of the baseball tradition: from George Wright to Connie Mack, from Charles Comiskey to Jackie Robinson.

• • •

The season brings with it, too, school days again. I could wish that every high-school library could be prepared for the opening day with an appropriate number of copies of *Basic American Documents*, edited by George B. de Huszar, Henry W. Littlefield, and Arthur W. Littlefield. I could wish, too, that every college student in political science or American history could have a copy of this book; and I recommend it warmly for the private library. It's a collection, inexpensive but pleasing in form, of more than 100 of the most important documents relevant to the history of the United States and the development of its institutions, from the *Mayflower* compact to the North Atlantic Treaty. More than 50 of the documents are presented in their entirety. The others are concisely summarized.

*American Humor*, by Constance Rourke, and *Studies in Classic American Literature*, by D. H. Lawrence, are two admirable selections in another new series of inexpensive books, the "Anchor Books" published by Doubleday. The

plan in this case is to provide reprints of first-rate books of both fiction and nonfiction, of which no other inexpensive reprint exists; in many cases, the book is wholly out of print. Better selections could hardly have been made than the two I have noted.

Constance Rourke's *American Humor* is a classic in its field, a beautifully written book which reaches beyond the development of American ideas of humor and the work of American humorists to a study of the national character itself. The *Studies* of D. H. Lawrence are uneven, sometimes fragmentary, but often profound in insight and brilliant in expression. There's a real service to be performed, emphatically, by a series of such reprints as these.

"The animating and dominant principle of Jefferson's philosophy was a jealousy of governmental power, it mattered not in whom it was placed." These words of Dr. Caleb Perry Patterson, in *The Constitutional Principles of Thomas Jefferson*, summarize crisply an aspect of Jefferson's thought which has powerful appeal for many of us today. Dr. Patterson's book is comparatively brief, definitely well written and readable, and unquestionably authoritative. In such chapters as "Jefferson the Lawyer" and "Jefferson and the Making of Our Constitution," Dr. Patterson studies the origin and early development of Jefferson's political ideas. In chapters at the end of the book on "The Founder of Free Public Education" and "The Champion of Freedom of the Mind" he discusses major special aspects of Jefferson's contribution. It's a fine piece of work.

MOST of the "private and personal" studies of great men in the field of recent biography have been "debunking" books, aimed primarily at the explosion of myths and the smashing of illusions. Howard Swiggett's *The Great Man: George Washington As a Human Being* has a far more worthy purpose. "I sent a letter to 50 adults, all of whom I regarded as more than ordinarily well read," Swiggett tells us, "asking what they would like to know about Washington." The answers included questions about Washington's personal life—was he penurious? Did he drink and what? Did he smoke? There were questions about Washington's methods as a military commander and such matters as counterespionage measures; questions about his treatment of Randolph, Lafayette, Lee; questions about his attitude toward the establishment of a monarchy. These questions, and others that bear on Washington as a human being, Swiggett has undertaken to answer in a narrative of Washington's actual conduct, a taut and sustained narrative that begins with Washington's assump-



tion of command of the Continental Army and ends with his death. Whether the reader knows, at the start, much or little about Washington, he will find here much to interest, entertain, and inform him.

*The Stamp Act Crisis; Prologue to Revolution*, by Edmund S. and Helen M. Morgan, is a truly fine study of an important phase of the history of the passage of what became the United States from colonial status to independence. The materials of intense drama, with overtones of both comedy and tragedy, are abundantly present in the story of the attempts of colonial authorities to enforce (or to avoid enforcing) the Stamp Act regulations of the British Parliament. The authors of this book have made full use of this material, achieving a lively and absorbing narrative of events and personalities, without in any degree sacrificing the clarity and perspective desirable in the writing of history. Their work deserves positive commendation.

An incident in itself trivial except to those immediately concerned, but one destined to have far-reaching historical influence, was that which is first fully narrated in *Slave Mutiny: The Revolt on the Schooner Amistad*, by William A. Owens. In 1839 a strangely rigged vessel appeared along the shores of New Jersey and Long Island. It proved to be the schooner *Amistad*, which had been engaged in the Cuban slave trade. A band of blacks fresh from Africa had mutinied, seized the schooner, attempted to sail back to Africa. When they reached instead the coast of the United States, sick and speaking only unknown

Negro dialects, they were put into jail.

There ensued a tremendous legal battle, between the abolitionists and their sympathizers, who held that the Negroes should be set free and returned to Africa, and those who regarded them as property of their Cuban masters, to be returned like any other property. I first encountered the story of this incident when I read Muriel Rukeyser's fine biography of the great Yale scientist Josiah Willard Gibbs some years ago: it was Gibbs whose persistent researches finally found an interpreter for the Negroes, so that they could speak for themselves. The present much fuller rendering of the strange and dramatic narrative suffers somewhat, in my judgment, from the obvious partisanship of the author. A slight impediment this, however, to the reader's enjoyment and appreciation of the results of his patient and fruitful study of the records and his effective recreation of the whole body of remarkable and fateful action: fateful, for this controversy added potent fuel to the rising fire of the "irrepressible conflict" over slavery that was to divide the nation.

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Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:

*The Big Range*, Jack Schaefer (Ballantine, 35 cents; Houghton Mifflin, \$2).—*The Argosy Book of Sports Stories*, edited by Rogers Terrill (Barnes, \$3).—*Heroes of Baseball*, Robert Smith (World, \$2.50).—*Basic American Documents*, edited by George B. de Huszar and others (Littlefield, Adams & Co., Ames, Iowa, \$1.50).—*American Humor*, Constance Rourke (Doubleday, 75 cents).—*Studies in Classic American Literature*, D. H. Lawrence (Doubleday, 65 cents).—*The Constitutional Principles of Thomas Jefferson*, Caleb Perry Patterson (University of Texas Press, \$4).—*The Great Man*, Howard Swiggett (Doubleday, \$5).—*The Stamp Act Crisis*, Edmund S. and Helen M. Morgan (University of North Carolina Press, \$6).—*Slave Mutiny*, Wm. A. Owens (John Day, \$4).



Cinque, leader of a crew of mutinous Negroes, is a central figure in William A. Owens' new book, entitled *Slave Mutiny*.

## Human Nature Put to Work



Shopping with my 3-year-old nephew was proving difficult. Each time I tried to take his hand, he pulled away indignantly, protesting, "Me can cross the street all by myself!" Then an inspiration flashed. "But you don't understand," I explained. "I'm afraid to cross the street unless you're holding my hand." It worked beautifully.

—Carolyn White, Jackson, Miss.



Sometimes you can change a person's reputation by giving him a new one to live up to. In an ordnance plant during World War II we had a supervisor who was completely disagreeable. When opportunity offered, I complimented him on his friendliness, kindness, and understanding. With wonder in his eyes he looked to see if there was sincerity in mine. There must have been sufficient for almost at once he began to live up to that new reputation. In due time the old one was completely absorbed in the new.

—C. B. Feagan, Maben, Ala.



Pride goeth before many a sale. For three years my jeweler friend Willis displayed a costly silver set of raised grape design in his window. It didn't move. Then he put it in a special showcase. Still it remained. Then he cut the price. No sale. Finally his father, on a visit, advised: "Polish that silver. Wrap each piece separately and lock them in your safe in the vault. When a customer comes in who is able to pay for it and who asks to see a special pattern, proudly take him into the vault, partly close the door, unlock your safe, and show the set to him piece by piece."

Willis sold the whole set to the first such customer.

—Rotarian Van Chandler, Kingsville, Tex.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.



# HOW THOSE

*They carried clothing, warmth,*

**D**ARK-HAIRED Joung Won and fair-skinned Ernst, like hundreds of other children in Korea and West Germany, don't have many clothes. All they have, in fact, is what they're wearing. But things are a little better for them now. Some Rotarians heard of their plight and decided to help.

For many Clubs, the desperate need of these children for clothing—underwear, socks, diapers, and other items—came through Rotary channels. To the Central Office in Chicago had come appeals for aid to refugees in West Berlin from the Mayor of Berlin and from the International Rescue Committee headed by Admiral Richard E. Byrd. For the ill clothed of Korea, an appeal had been received from a civil assistance officer in Seoul. These urgent requests were passed on to Rotary Clubs. What followed in many Rotary communities is told in photos and text on these pages.

Not all Rotary relief help sprang from these appeals, however. In Frankfort, Indiana, the Rotary Club's "Clothing for Korean Children" campaign began with a letter written by First Lieutenant Harold J. Compton, a U. S. Army medical officer in Korea—and a Frankfort Rotarian—to the folks back home. Korea's children, he told them, were "in dire need of all the clothing they can obtain." Then he asked if his Rotary Club could help them. The answer, as given by Rawlings V. Ransom, 1952-53 Club President, his fellow Rotarians, and the people of Frankfort, is portrayed pictorially on this page.

Back home in Indiana between military assignments, Lieutenant Compton later thanked all who helped, and said, "It was a great feeling to see those kids getting all that clothing because they really needed it. It was undoubtedly more clothing than any had even seen before."

A letter from a member in the armed

*Lieutenant General I. D. White, honorary Junction City, Kans., Rotarian, passes out clothes fellow Rotarians sent to Korea.*



*Happiness—ranging from shy little smiles to full-hearted laughter—is seen here as 125 cartons of clothing arrive at the Daihan Orphanage in Seoul, Korea, from the Rotary Club of Frankfort, Ind. Seated in foreground and holding a pert Korean lass is Lieutenant Harold J. Compton, a Frankfort Rotarian, whose letter home started the Club's campaign.*



*In her new white dress—she put it on the moment she got it—this chubby Korean girl sings a song for Lieutenant Compton. It's her way of saying, "Thanks to all."*



*Peeking into a partly opened carton from Frankfort, two Korean "small fry" release some of their pent-up eagerness to see what their American friends sent to them.*



*Stacked more than six feet high are some 125 boxes of clothing, weighing 5,000 pounds, that the Frankfort Rotary Club collected and shipped to Korea at a cost of \$500. Here Rotarians Ross Alter (left) and Paul Sertain are labelling the cartons for shipment.*

# BOXES HELPED

*and friendship to the needy.*

services in Korea also started the clothing drive sponsored by the Rotary Club of Junction City, Kansas. It came from Lieutenant General I. D. White, U. S. Army Corps commander, and it resulted in 1,000 pounds of new and used clothing being sent to Korean needy.

To West Berlin, where refugees have been arriving daily from the eastern sector and thus taxing the city's ability to feed and clothe them, other Clubs have sent thousands of pounds of clothing in response to the appeals made to Rotary. The Rotary Club of Ashland, Wisconsin, shipped more than 2,400 pounds of wearable items to the International Rescue Committee in New York, New York, for transatlantic shipment to Germany, and the Rotary Club of Great Bend, Kansas, forwarded 4,000 pounds. The campaign which was conducted by the Deerfield-Northbrook, Illinois, Rotary Club produced boxes of clothing that weighed 363 pounds, and from Menomonee, Wisconsin, went boxes that cost the Rotary Club \$350 to ship to New York.

Other Clubs that sponsored a "West Berlin Clothing Campaign" and the weight of their shipments (if known) include Dover, Ohio (115); Louisville, Ohio (95); Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; Poughkeepsie, New York; Lodi, Ohio; East Petersburg, Pennsylvania; Aurora, Illinois; and Michigan City, Indiana.

"The response from Rotary Clubs throughout the country has been amazing and wonderful," says Admiral Byrd in a letter to Rotary Clubs thanking them for their help in relieving the need in West Berlin. Thus, to the dozen or so Clubs named in this report could undoubtedly be added several score more that responded to an appeal to help some youngsters—in two less fortunate places of the world—to be happier and more comfortable.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Headed for West Berlin are 2,000 pounds of clothing sent by the Springfield, Mass., Club. Lee Schermerhorn signs invoices.



Photo: Grimaldi



Photo: Miami Herald

Cartons, cartons, everywhere—684 of them to be exact—all packed with 18,000 pounds of clothing for West Berlin refugees. The Rotary Club of Miami, Fla., spearheaded the relief drive with the help of the near-by Florida Clubs of Coral Gables, Miami Beach, Miami North Shore, South Miami, Miami Springs, Coconut Grove, and Bal Harbour.



In Cushing, Okla., the Rotary Club's campaign produced 2,700 pounds of coats, dresses, diapers, blankets, and other clothing for West Berlin. It took 147 boxes to ship it all, and much of the packing job was done by this group of Rotarians and members' wives.



Loaded and ready to go is the first truckload of clothing amassed by the Rotary Club of Moorestown, N. J., for West Berlin. To arouse community-wide action, printed appeals were distributed among townspeople. Here Moorestown Rotarians see the first load off.



## To Mary Molepo of South Africa

IN PIETERSBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, all knew and loved Nurse Mary Molepo, a colored woman who developed extraordinary nursing skill and who demonstrated great sympathy for the needy, the blind, and the aged. In hospitals in PIETERSBURG and CAPE TOWN, in clinics and welfare centers, she became known, as one PIETERSBURG Rotarian put it, for "her wonderful selfless service among her fellow creatures." At age 43, Nurse Mary Molepo died and soon there was under way a community-wide movement to build a memorial in her name. As she had often expressed her wish for a center where social workers could meet and formulate plans for their activities, it was decided to erect the Nurse Mary Molepo Memorial Hall for that purpose. To facilitate the collection of funds for the hall, a civic committee appealed to the Rotary Club of PIETERSBURG for assistance and the Club responded. Subscription lists were drawn up and Club members began directing the fund campaign. At the time the project was reported, £2,000 had been collected and plans had been drawn for a hall with seats for 250 persons.

## Rotary Sign at World Crossroads

At New York's Idlewild International Airport, where airplanes bring in people from all over the world, is a glass-enclosed sign that tells a familiar story to all Rotarians who see it. Mounted on a large wooden shield inside the glass is a Rotary wheel, and hanging beneath it are nine small signs that give the time, date, and place of Rotary Club meetings within the metropolitan area of NEW YORK CITY. Listed is information about the New York Clubs of RICHMOND HILL, STATEN ISLAND, QUEENS BOROUGH, BRONX, JAMAICA, BROOKLYN, ROCKAWAY, QUEENS VILLAGE, and NEW YORK CITY. For the Rotarian traveler, it provides at a glance the information he needs to "make up" his Rotary attendance within the area. The sign is a joint endeavor of the nine Clubs listed, with each bearing a share of the cost proportionately.

## Here's a Bright Page of History

At the beginning of Rotary's new fiscal year, many Clubs reviewed their past records of service, then went on to make plans for the months ahead. Among those that did so was the Rotary Club of SLIPPERY ROCK, PA., and its survey of past accomplishments recalled busy days and foretold busier ones. Funds had been raised to purchase dental equipment for a local clinic, eyeglasses were provided for children who needed them, and a community-wide blood-typing clinic had been sponsored to enable residents to

carry on their persons this valuable information. Money had also been raised for the county crippled-children organization and for the Boy Scout troop sponsored by the Club. All this—and more, too—was done while the Club conducted its regular rural-urban relations program, helped to organize a Little League baseball team, and entertained members' wives at a special "night" for them.

## Perth Airls Views on Labor Topic

TO A PERTH, AUSTRALIA, theater not long ago came townspeople to fill the auditorium for the local Rotary Club's lively forum on employer-employee relations. The participants were the head of the Australian Council of Employers' Federations, vice-president of the State Executive of the Australian Labor Party, a past president of the Federated Master Builders' Association of Australia, and a trustee of the Australian Labor Party. Following each speaker's presentation of his views, a Club spokesman reported that numerous questions were "freely put and as freely answered."

## Footscray Puts a Car in Good Spot

To take spastic children back and forth between their homes and a local educational center for them, Rotarians of FOOTSCRAY, AUSTRALIA, formerly set aside part of each day for driving them in their cars. The children still go back and forth, but now they do so in a station wagon donated to the Spastic Children's Society by the Club (see photo). To raise funds for the vehicle, each Club member collected at least £15 to net a sum of £1,036. After the car was purchased £150 remained to establish a "petrol fund" for its operation. In thanking the Club for the gift, the secretary of the Society said, "This alone is of great value, but of greater importance is that somebody cares."

## Camps Get Some Rotary Help

"Going to camp this Summer?" is an oft-asked question in youthful circles these days, and the answer in thousands of cases is "Yes" because of the Youth Service programs of Rotary Clubs. A good example—and a long-standing one—of this type of youth activity is that of the Rotary Club of JANESVILLE, WIS. It was back in 1928 that the Club founded Camp Rotamer on the shores of a pond near JANESVILLE. The first building that went up on the grounds was a main lodge, and since then many cabins and other facilities have been added. Recently the JANESVILLE Club marked the 25th year it has operated the camp, and a review of its quarter-century history brought these facts to light: To it each Summer have gone some 500 boys and girls, and to



It's chow time aboard the U.S.S. Iowa docked at a Virginia naval shipyard, and these Rotarians of Suffolk, Va., sample the grilled frankfurters served the Rotary Club in the ship's mess. It's a high light of a shipyard tour.



"Here are the keys," says Ashby A. W. Hooper, 1952-53 President of the Rotary Club of Footscray, Australia, at the presentation of a station wagon by the Club to a local society for spastic children. For more details, see item.

Photo: Kitchener-Waterloo Record



The giant-sized check changing hands is for \$10,000, part payment on a \$35,000 donation the Rotary Club of Kitchener-Waterloo, Ont., Canada, is giving a local hospital. R. K. Ellis (left), 1952-53 Club President, hands it to Rotarian C. N. Weber, hospital official.



In this double-check ceremony—each for \$184—the Rotary Club of Bryan, Tex., presents funds to two school libraries. The check awardees in middle are W. H. Ritchey and E. P. Humbert.

provide this outdoor fun has cost the Club about \$2,000 a year. To meet this expense the Rotary Club has sponsored for the past 12 years an annual horse show that has netted a total of \$24,000.

Though they do not maintain camps, many Clubs do make it possible for youngsters to have a camp vacation. For example, the Rotary Club of HEIGHTS OF GREATER CLEVELAND, OHIO, is sending a high-school boy to a Michigan camp this Summer for a two-week period. . . . The Rotary Club of SALEM, OREG., has made arrangements to send four children of needy families to camp. . . . This month eight Mexican Girl Scouts are to be entertained at a camp by other Girl Scouts of COLUMBUS, OHIO, and a portion of the expenses for this international youth meeting have been met by the COLUMBUS Rotary Club. . . . At a Camp Fire Girls camp near WOODVILLE, TEX., new buildings are being erected and old ones repaired this Summer partly because of the interest the Rotary Club of BEAUMONT, TEX., has in the camp. Last year it donated \$625 to a camp building fund, and this year it provided an additional \$1,800.

#### High Bids Level Ground for Park

For three days the lively bidding went on at the sale and auction sponsored by the Rotary Club of JOHNSTOWN, N. Y. When it was all over—and bidders had bought such items as used cars, pedigreed calves, pianos, and antiques—the Club had enough money to finance its new Community Service project: the building of a city park. Soon bulldozers roared out across the park site, levelling the ground in preparation for further landscape operations. At the time the work was reported, it was thought that the park would be ready for use about mid-Summer.

#### Nyack Host to Network Show

A radio network show that travels from city to city is the popular "Town Hall Meeting of the Air," and not long ago it came to NYACK, N. Y., under the co-sponsorship of the Rotary Club and the Nyack branch of the American Association of University Women. The two sponsoring groups



Piled ceiling high here is clothing collected by the Rotary Club of Turners Falls, Mass., for the needy refugees in West Berlin, Germany. It's a 500-pound shipment, and two of the many Rotarians who helped make it possible are Eugene Koch (left) and Harry Warren. For news of other Rotary shipments to West Berlin, see page 40.

## Take a Page from Knoxville



*At a Tennessee school for boys and girls with a handicap that in no way lessens their liveliness, a Rotary Club has provided the means for leisure-time fun. It's another example of youth work in Rotary for some youngsters who need a helping hand, and in it there might be an idea for your Club.*

**I**N THEIR large recreation room, with its juke box spinning out the latest in popular songs, some students of a Knoxville, Tenn., school dance smoothly around the floor—though they can't hear a note being played. Their school is the Tennessee School for the Deaf, and they dance in rhythm with the music by the vibrations they feel from the floor. That they have the facilities for dancing—and other healthful recreation—is a Rotary story that began many years ago.

It was to help the school's Boy Scout troop that the Knoxville Rotary Club began its first work there. It contributed to troop funds, supplied material for a cabin, and helped make possible more camping trips and overnight hikes. Recently the Club saw the need for a place at the school where students of high-school age could go just to have fun and relax. It decided to undertake the job, and work soon got under way.

A new coat of paint, attractive drapes, and improved lighting transformed the area chosen into a pleasant room for teen-age recreation.

Next came drugstore-type booths, benches, ping-pong tables, and the juke box. In an adjoining room a "snack bar" was set up, complete with refrigerator, stove, and other equipment. It has all added up to fun for some appreciative boys and girls whose world is a silent one.

But the Knoxville Club didn't stop there. In addition, it has established an annual award for the student "whose influence has most promoted the welfare of the school during the year." It has bought uniforms for the school's cheer leaders, and also provides opportunities for students to earn money for an annual trip made by seniors to Washington, D. C. And each Summer brings a Rotary picnic on the school grounds—an event that cements ties of friendship between students and Club members and their families.

In these ways does the Knoxville Club—like many another Rotary Club in lands around the world—help some young people to lead healthier, happier lives as they prepare to take on someday the full responsibilities that go with adult citizenship.



In their Rotary Recreation Room for dancing, ping pong, and all-round good times, these deaf students have fun—and the Knoxville Club has their thanks.



*Up goes playground equipment at an orphanage in Camden, Australia, as local Rotarians flex muscles at digging jobs and other tasks. After equipping a hospital with radios, Club funds for the playground project were low, so members did the work.*

sold tickets to the broadcast, which featured a discussion of the subject "Are U. S. Immigration Laws Too Restrictive?" The NYack Club used its portion of the proceeds to increase its student-loan fund.

#### 25th Year for Ten More Clubs

September is silver-anniversary month for ten more Rotary Clubs. Congratulations to them! They are: Spruce Pine, N. C.; Catonsville, Md.; Hallettsville, Tex.; Wilber, Nebr.; Smethwick, England; Sale, Australia; Fremantle, Australia; Flat Rock, Mich.; Baytown, Tex.; Enfield, England.

When the Rotary Club of DALLAS, Tex., recently celebrated its 42d anniversary—it was the 39th Club organized—six of its charter members still active in the Club were specially honored. The occasion received community-wide notice through the publication of front-page stories about it in a local newspaper.

The 30th anniversary of the Rotary Club of INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—often called the pearl anniversary—was celebrated at an evening gathering for which an attractive program was printed with a felt-finished cover. Hidden underneath a swatch of cotton on the front cover was a pearl set in the center of the Rotary wheel. Among those honored at the meeting were several still active charter members.

A high light of the recent 20th-anniversary celebration of the Rotary Club of RISING SUN, IND., was the presentation of a playlet that recalled the early history of the Club and its accomplishments through the years. A decorative—and edible—touch was a beautiful birthday cake appropriately lettered.

#### A Roundup of Disaster Relief

Rotary's program of service usually finds Clubs planning their activities ahead—except when disasters strike and speedy relief measures are required. Thus did the Rotary Club of TWINSBURG, OHIO, act quickly when tornadoes wrought havoc in the U. S. Midwest not long ago. Its neighboring city of CLEVELAND was caught in the gale's



*In the doorway of the new Rotary ward at a leprosy home in Tuticorin, India, stand local Rotarians whose contributions helped to make the ward possible. Standing in the center holding a cane is Sri. C. Rajagopalachari, Chief Minister of Madras, who opened the addition to the home. At the Chief Minister's right is P. Muthukumarasami, 1952-53 President of the Tuticorin Club.*



*Plowing his field is 14-year-old Lamar Ratliff, a Mississippi farm boy declared the 1952 champion corn grower in the U. S. by Breeder's Gazette. His yield was 214 bushels on a measured acre. For his achievement he received a gold medal award at a meeting of the Booneville, Miss., Rotary Club attended by his parents.*

path, and TWINSBURG immediately sent \$100 to the Red Cross Disaster Fund there. . . . In Massachusetts, where tornadoes also whipped through wide areas, the Rotary Club of WORCESTER, MASS., was the recipient of \$2,642 from 24 Clubs in New Jersey, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Quebec, Canada. The WORCESTER Club itself contributed \$3,000 to the State Disaster Relief Fund.

Reported in earlier issues in this department's pages was aid to victims of the North Sea flood in England and the Low Countries. New reports of emergency relief for that disaster still continue to reach Rotary's Central Office in CHICAGO, ILL. The Australian Rotary Clubs in District 32, led by 1952-53 District Governor George Moufarrige, of MUGGEE, AUSTRALIA, donated £1,117 to be divided equally among flood victims in England and The Netherlands. . . . The Rotary Club of New York, N. Y., sent \$375 to the Rotary Club of LONDON, ENGLAND, to be used for flood relief, and also sent an equal amount to the Rotary Club of GOES, THE NETHERLANDS. Replies of gratitude were received from both Clubs. . . . The Rotary Club of JACKSONVILLE, FLA., also speedily geared itself to aid flood sufferers in Europe. The Club's President at that time immediately appointed a Committee to collect clothing and bedding for shipment to the Rotary Club of ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. Two days after the Committee's first meeting, a box of urgently needed items weighing 750 pounds was packed and flown to New York for transatlantic passage aboard the S. S. *Southstar*. The steamship line transported the box free of charge. A few days after the first shipment, the JACKSONVILLE Club had collected an additional 160 pounds of clothing and bedding that soon was en route to ROTTERDAM. To hurry the collection campaign, the Club appealed to members' wives for their help—and they swiftly responded.

#### Clinton Musical Clicks Again!

Nearly two decades of producing a musical show in CLINTON, Mo., has proved to the Rotary Club there that Clintonians like fancy dancing, harmonious singing, and jokes with





a local flavor. Recently the 19th annual musical was presented for three consecutive nights to capacity audiences of 1,000 at each show. Called *African Safari*, the production featured a 60-voice chorus, an orchestra, rapid-fire gags, and some costumes so unusual they had to be specially made for the occasion. The Club presents the entertainment to raise funds for its youth program, which includes sponsoring a Boy Scout troop, a Cub Scout den, and Camp Fire groups, and giving aid to crippled children. The proceeds also are used to operate the Rotary Youth Building where teen-age organizations hold many meetings. For all these youth activities the recent show netted more than \$2,000, but a lot of hard work preceded the performances—six weeks of it, in fact.

**Atlanta Sends Students Overseas** In 1951 the Rotary Club of ATLANTA, GA., began an International Service project aimed at furthering a broader understanding of other countries among college students. To do so, the Club decided to send abroad each Summer one or more students at Georgia Institute of Technology. The first year one "Tech" student went to Europe, and the second year two students were chosen for a European sojourn. For 1953, the ATLANTA Club assumed part of the expense of sending five young Georgia Tech men to Europe, with each of the students planning his own itinerary and making his own travel arrangements. The Rotary Club made all plans for the travellers to stay at the homes of European Rotarians while abroad.

**Rotary World Gains 34 Clubs** Rotary has entered 34 more communities in many parts of the world since last month's listing of new Clubs. They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Santa Rosa (La Paz), Uruguay; Colonia Suiza (Rosario), Uruguay; Cruz das Almas (Cachoeira-São Felix), Brazil; Tostado (San Cristóbal), Argentina; Broadstairs, England; Celle (Hanover), Germany; Ndola (Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia), Northern Rhodesia; Strand (Stellenbosch), Union of South Africa; Bowen (Mackay), Australia; Tsushima (Ichinomiya), Japan; Stanthorpe (Warwick), Australia; Hitachi (Tokyo and Mito), Japan; Kisarazu (Chiba), Japan; Ledesma (Jujuy), Argentina; Elverum (Hamar), Norway; Rotterdam-Noord (Rotterdam), Netherlands; Taira (Koriyama and Tokyo), Japan; Karnal (Ambala), India; Biloela (Monto), Australia; Paraparaumu (Levin), New Zealand; Maizuru (Kyoto), Japan; Pescara (Aquila), Italy; Foix (Toulouse), France; Marstal (Svendborg and Rudkøbing), Denmark; Valréas (Avignon), France; Bethnal Green, England; Baden (Zurich and Aarau), Switzerland; Tokuyama (Shimonoseki), Japan; Castro Valley (Hayward), Calif.; Sanger (Dinuba), Calif.; Spring Branch (Houston Heights), Tex.; Metairie (New Orleans), La.; Northwest Waco (Waco), Tex.; Michigan Center (Jackson), Mich.

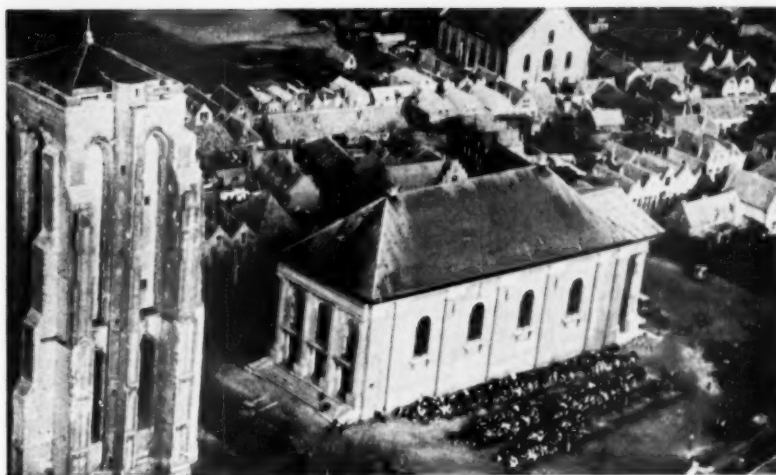


Photo: KLM

While flood waters rose during the recent North Sea disaster in England and the Low Countries, a Rotary Club was born in Zierikzee, The Netherlands. This aerial photo shows the town church on high ground with cattle quartered on it for safety.



Photo: Rice

"Dance, gypsy, dance!" is the theme here—but these gayly costumed maids are Juneau, Alaska, Rotarians shaking their tambourines during a number on the Club's annual variety show. It raised \$1,400 for the building program of a local hospital.



A sign pointing toward better business relations is this attractive "Four-Way Test" poster erected by the Rotary Club of Bessemer, Ala., at a busy street intersection.

## Personalia

'BRISPS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,  
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

**FOLLOW-UP.** Recall CLIFTON M. BEATY? You should, for you've read in these columns (*THE ROTARIAN* for May, 1953) that he gave 27 pints of blood to the Red Cross blood bank of Los Angeles, Calif., the city in which he holds membership in Rotary. This is to bring you up to date: make that 27 a large 28. To encourage his fellows to share that others might have a better chance to live, he offered to contribute one dollar to his Club's Youth Services Fund for each Los Angeles Rotarian who gave a pint of blood during a two-week period a month or so back.

**Bowler Plus.** Among the men who find opportunity for wider fellowship on one of the teams that comprise the Detroit, Mich., Rotary League is CLARE S. JACOBS. He "rolls a good ball," his teammates point out. But doing things well sports-wise is not exactly an unusual experience for ROTARIAN JACOBS. Let's turn to the record. It says there that he once held the world's record for the indoor pole vault, which he retained for several years. In 1904, in St. Louis, Mo., he placed first in the junior event. In 1908 at the Olympic Games in London, England, he placed third. He also held the world's iceboat championship for a number of years and held a world's record of 124 miles an hour, with an unofficial record of 144 miles an hour. In the Mackinaw Race held a year ago his sailing boat placed seventh. See what we mean?

**Historian.** ERSEL WALLEY likes to collect things—that is, if (1) they are of historical significance and if (2) they have to do with the past of his Rotary Club—Fort Wayne, Ind. If ROTARIAN WALLEY was hard to find in his off moments a number of months ago, he was busy researching. Recently he supplied proof of his activity when he presented to his Club a large scrapbook contain-

ing the high lights of Rotary in Fort Wayne over the past 38 years. Not only were memories dusted off, but he brought to light facts and figures few of his fellows realized existed. As with all works of this kind, there were, according to a Club spokesman, "some well-preserved skeletons."

**Presidential Item.** Just as it has for many another beginning of a Rotary year, July 1 saw new men take over the Presidential helm in some 7,800 Rotary communities. And as usual, the occasion made news, special news, in many a Club. In Susanville, Calif., for example, DONALD P. CADY became the third generation of CADYS to head the local Rotary Club. His grandfather and father had both wielded the gavel at the head table in earlier years. . . . In Bonne Terre, Mo., CHARLES H. CHANDLER became the first second-generation President in local Rotary history. His late father headed the Club in 1924. . . . When RUSSELL C. JONES, JR., came to



*King for a day is John Bruening as he starts his 28th year of perfect attendance in the Peru, Ill., Rotary Club. Club Secretary Jack Alger places the crown. "King" Bruening has led singing in his Club for more than a decade.*

Rotary the day he was to be installed as President of the Rotary Club of Spring City-Royersford, Pa., he little expected the surprise that awaited him. For present on this important day in RUSSELL JONES' life was a former Rotarian—the man who had served as charter President of the Club 27 years before: his own father, RUSSELL C. JONES, SR. The surprise package was arranged by one of PRESIDENT JONES' thoughtful fellows. His name: ROBERT B. SCHINDLER.

**Memory.** When a Rotary District Governor puts down his travelling bag in his home hallway for the last time at the end of "his year," he does so with a host of memories: of Clubs visited, of inspiration gathered on countless occasions as he heard stories of men-doing-things, of speeches made and encouragement given, of new communities to which he has helped introduce Rotary. And to the list each would add at least one "unusual," as has PHILLIP H. LOH III, of Morrilton, Ark., 1952-53



*A day that lives in memory (see item).*

Governor of Rotary's 201st District. It was the time he made his official visit to the Rotary Club of Magnolia, Ark. It so happened that the visit coincided with the celebration of the Columbia County Centennial. "I don't think any Club has ever had so much beauty imposed upon it at one time," recalls PHIL, for on the program were Miss America, NEVA JANE LANGLEY (at PHIL's right in photo); Miss Columbia County, WANDA KEITH (standing left); Miss Arkansas, BONNIE NICSIC; and Miss Magnolia, WYNELLE PORTER. Introducing the young ladies to the audience was ROBERT W. EVANS, Helena, Ark., Rotarian, who annually "emcees" the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, N. J.

**Solo.** EDWARD M. CONANT has learned much in his 40 years of membership in the Rotary Club of Minneapolis, Minn. He has, you see, filled all official and Committee posts in his Club, was a District Governor of Rotary International in 1937-38. Though a man who has always worked well with others, when he addresses the Rotary Club of Minneapolis he likes to do a "solo" job: he is the only occupant of the head table, acting as Club President, as Program Chairman, as master of ceremonies, and as guest speaker. In his fourfold capacity he presents his other selves in turn. ROTARIAN CONANT was 90 the other day, and on the anniversary of his birth his fellows listened to him speak on "Ninety Years Through My Rear-Vision Mirror." Yes, he did a "solo" job then too.

**Linked.** That pair of cuff links which GEORGE HUGHES, a member of the Rotary Club of Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada, is wearing these days makes for quite a story. He's not had them long, but the act which brought them to him was initiated in December, 1942, when he carried 3-year-old PAUL KINGHORN into his Rotary Club's annual party for crippled children. The lad's dad, a constable, was serving overseas with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, so GEORGE HUGHES, a police officer, decided then and there that his charge for that day should be given the best possible treatment for the mild form of club feet with which he was born. Arrangements were made for



*Fifty years wedded are Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Scharff, of McAllen, Tex. Rotarian Scharff is an osteopathic physician.*

medical care; special shoes were built for him. Each year he attended the Rotary Club party; each saw an improvement in his condition. Now, 11 years later, PAUL KINGHORN can walk, run, skate, and play hockey like any other lad. But he hasn't forgotten that kind people made all this activity possible. At a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Niagara Falls he was once again the guest of DEPUTY CHIEF GEORGE HUGHES. Tucked in his pocket were two items: a check for \$25 made out to the Easter Seal Sale; the other a pair of cuff links for ROTARIAN HUGHES, accompanied by a note: "I'm in a very thankful mood—and want to show my gratitude." Work on a newspaper route provided the money for the gifts.

**Rotarian Honors.** Macalester College, in Minnesota, has honored T. ROSS PADEN, of Pasadena, Calif., with a degree of doctor of divinity. . . . HENRY J. SMITH, of Arlington, Va., has been inducted as president of the Virginia Heart Association. . . . JAMES H. NORRITT, Lord Mayor of Belfast, Northern Ireland, has received a knighthood. He is a Past District Representative of Rotary International. . . . The Queen of The Netherlands has conferred the honor of Chevalier in the Order of Orange-Nassau on



To J. H. Mitchell, Oliver, B. C., Canada, Rotarian, goes the Junior Chamber of Commerce "Good Citizen Trophy for 1953." Being recognized are his contribution to Scouting and his service as a police-court magistrate.

D. L. STRELLETT, of Hong Kong, Hong Kong. On his fellow Rotarians KWOK CHAN and GORDON KING the Queen of England has conferred the Order of the British Empire. . . . An honorary degree of doctor of laws has been conferred on VICTOR A. KLOTZ, of Coffeyville, Kans., by Baker University. . . . President of the All-India Radio Merchants Association for 1953 is YOUSUFALI A. FAZALBHOY, of Bombay, India. . . . LESTER W. PORTER, of Chicago, Ill., has been appointed a member of the Chicago Land Clearance Commission. . . . Mount Allison University has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon the REVEREND HAROLD W. YOUNG, of Toronto, Ont., Canada. . . . DR. W. JOSEPH

SEPTEMBER, 1953



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## WESTERN UNION

McMARTIN, of Omaha, Nebr., has been elected to head the American Urological Society. . . . HARRY ZIMMER, of Hayward, Calif., has been awarded the Freedoms Foundation George Washington Medal for outstanding service to the Boy Scouts. . . . JAMES D. TODD, of Sunderland, England, has been invested as president of the North of England Philatelic Association. . . . DAVID S. MATTHEWS, of Stockton, Calif., has been made an honorary life member of the Stockton Advertising Club. The only other member to hold such status—and he has for 29 years—is TULLY C. KNOLES, a Past District Governor of Rotary International.



The Skoldberg trio: active members of the Rotary Club of Brooklyn, N. Y. They are Ernest W. (center); his son, Clarence M.; his grandson, Ernest V.

al and chancellor of the College of the Pacific.

## 'We Are All Brothers'

AT THE little Indian settlement of Stony Rapids, 1,000 miles north of the U. S. border and 500 miles north of the end of steel at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada, a little Indian girl got the idea of a food parcel for Great Britain.

She wanted to send one to some needy person across the ocean; they had the same Queen, flew the same flag—they should share the same goodness. The only problem was how to do it. Money was scarce in her village of less than 100 people, and particularly was it scarce among children. It was a problem requiring serious thought.

The girl discussed it with her teacher and her schoolmates. They pooled their resources—a pitifully small amount resulting. Then came forth the idea of a tag day which none had ever seen. Each child brought a bit of colored paper to school; these were cut into tags on which "Food Parcels for Britain" was carefully inscribed.

Out went the children, and on the first and only tag day ever held in the bush country they raised \$11.35—more than enough for a parcel.

At this point, Rotarians en-

tered the picture. One of them, the school inspector, suggested the money be handled by the Rotary Club of Prince Albert. This was done; a parcel was sent to the Rotary Club of Keswick, England, which took care of turning it over to a needy person.

Then Keswick Rotarians wanted to do something for the 25 children of Stony Rapids. They sent them a framed picture of Keswick, together with a set of pencils for each child, stamped with his or her name. A Prince Albert Rotarian, at the invitation of the Saskatchewan Provincial government, flew the 500 miles north to Stony Rapids to present the gifts to the children.

These were the same children who made a beautiful pair of beaded caribou moccasins for Princess Anne of England and had them presented to Queen Elizabeth when she visited Canada before her accession. The children, isolated in the wilderness, had somehow learned the prime lesson of Rotary—giving themselves.

—Richmond Mayson  
Rotarian, Prince Albert,  
Sask., Canada



A let-up from lessons for pupils and teacher at Stony Rapids School.

## Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

land—the good earth. God made the country, man made the city. Human life began in the rural atmosphere of a garden. However, if some should happen to discredit the Biblical story of the Creation and prefer instead to subscribe to Darwin's theory of evolution, it would be hard for them to imagine their forebears wrapping their tails around lampposts rather than disporting themselves in the beautiful trees of their ancestral home. Irene is dead right in her arguments favoring the songs of the birds, the vistas of hill and dale, and the leisurely freedom of the rural resident in contrast to screeching brakes, flashing neon signs, and the regimented hordes of Nino's metropolis.

### 'Influence of Coronation Year'

Suggests PETER BIRD, Rotarian Banker

Prince Rupert, B. C., Canada

It must be the influence of Coronation year for the British Commonwealth, but I distinctly see a photograph on page 47 of THE ROTARIAN for July of your President Dwight D. Eisenhower leaving an Atlanta, Georgia, church wearing a crown.

It is, of course, a chandelier in the church behind neatly appearing to be balanced on the President's head.

### A Halo for the President

Noted by ALFRED F. PARKER, Rotarian Life-Insurance Underwriter  
Portland, Oregon

I have the highest regard for the current President of the United States. Nevertheless, I was not aware, until I saw the photo on page 47 of THE ROTARIAN for July, that he had been awarded the standard equipment of angels and saints. I refer to the halo, although I admit he wears it with modesty and grace.

### Toasting in the 'Woods of Maine'

Says K. A. SOMMERFELD, Rotarian Physician  
Gardiner, Maine

In the May issue of THE ROTARIAN is an item titled "Cross Borders in Spirit,



SEPTEMBER, 1953

*SleepAir comfort on the way to Europe.*

*Next day in Paris - enjoying French cuisine. "... How right you were to recommend KLM. It's been a most wonderful crossing."*

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Too" [Rotary Reporter, page 40]. May I add that the Rotary Club of Gardiner has toasted Clubs in other lands for at least the last six years.

As Chairman of the International Service Committee for the same time, I have received many letters from Rotary Clubs all over the world, and even small gifts, such as calendars and banners. We received an especially nice letter recently from Hiroshima, Japan.

So you can see that even in the woods of Maine we keep up with Rotary's International Service program.

## Approves Peale

**Says G. M. BELL, Rotarian Life-Insurance Underwriter Marysville, California**

Thanks for the article by Norman Vincent Peale, *Life Is Hard! Take It Easy!*, in THE ROTARIAN for June.

I look forward each month to this type of article.

## Rosen Scores Again

**Says CHARLES C. DASEY, Senior Active Secretary, Rotary Club Boston, Massachusetts**

Readers of THE ROTARIAN will recall *Man with a Mighty Pen*, by Whit Sawyer, in our Magazine as an Unusual Rotarian last November. Mr. Sawyer's subject was Joseph R. Rosen, world-famed engrosser and member of the Rotary Club of Boston. They also will remember some of the many famed personalities for whom Joe has engrossed certificates.

I think Rotarians of the world would like to see a recent "Job" which Joe turned out (see photo), even though it may be too small, when reproduced, to be easily read. It is an engrossed scroll, in colors, which was presented to the Rotary Club of Montreal, Quebec, Can-

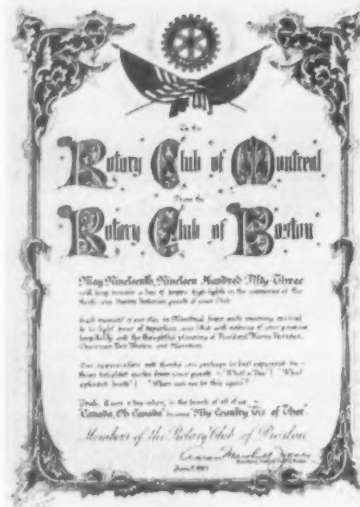


Photo: Fay

**Citation for hospitality (see letter).**

nada, by the Rotary Club of Boston in grateful appreciation of the hospitable fellowship demonstrated by Montreal Rotarians on the occasion of an inter-Club visit by 31 Boston Rotarians a month or so ago.

Before World War II the Boston and Montreal Clubs exchanged visits annually as a demonstration of international goodwill and of Rotary fraternity. Boston's visit to Montreal this year marked the resumption of that cordial international relationship and we are now looking forward to a Boston visit by Montreal Rotarians.

A citation, also engrossed by Joe Rosen, was likewise presented to Mayor Houde, of Montreal.

## Rotary Foundation Contributions

**SINCE** last month's listing of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 30 additional Clubs had at press time become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 3,085. As of July 16, \$282,884 had been received since July 1, 1952. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership) are:

### AUSTRALIA

Prospect (27).

### BRAZIL

Brusque (15); Nova Friburgo (28); Itaperuna (16).

### CANADA

Mission City, B. C. (47); Brampton, Ont. (44); Mimico-New Toronto, Ont. (64).

### ENGLAND

Abingdon (32).

### INDIA

Hubli (16).

### NEW ZEALAND

Feilding (32).

### PUERTO RICO

Villa Caparra (32).

### SOUTH AFRICA

Worcester (34); Boksburg (34); Grahamstown (30).

### UNITED STATES

Parkville, Mo. (29); Moses Lake, Wash. (29); West Hartford, Conn. (38); Opelousas, La. (36); Pawhuska, Okla. (54); Fort Pierce, Fla. (78); Richmond, Mich. (40); West Fresno, Calif. (29); Lebanon, N. H. (40); Estes Park, Colo. (59); Joliet, Ill. (133); Center Line, Mich. (33); Bridgeton, N. J. (89); Madelia, Minn. (34); North Sacramento, Calif. (83); New Berlin, N. Y. (31).

Correction: In the list of contributors to the Rotary Foundation in "The Rotarian" for July, the membership of the Rotary Club of Canton, Miss., was inadvertently given as 39. It should have been 53.



# Reporting: Board Action . . . Committees

**W**ITH all its 14 members from nine different lands present for all sessions, the Board of Directors of Rotary International met recently in Paris, France, to consider a long list of administrative problems and proposals. Following are some of the decisions. The Board:

Gave special attention to the administrative and legislative procedure of Rotary International concerning which it recorded the following:

The Board's function is to serve the Clubs. This is its interest and desire. The Board appreciates that Rotary International, by reason of its avowed purpose to work toward better understanding and goodwill at community, national, and international levels, is under a compelling obligation to further such understanding within its own organization, between its Clubs, and at all levels. The means and channels of understanding and exchange of ideas must first of all be ample and clear within its own family. Therefore, the Board appoints a "Committee for Clarifying and Improving Relationships between Member Clubs and the Board of Directors of Rotary International."

The terms of reference of this Committee are:

(a) To explore the points of view of member Clubs and individual Rotarians with reference to administrative and legislative procedures of Rotary International.

(b) To examine suggestions from member Clubs, previous Committees, the Council of Past Presidents, and from other sources relating to the operation of the Council on Legislation.

(c) To make any recommendations, in light of such exploration and examination, it may deem helpful in the promotion of better public relations, both by the Secretariat and the Board of Directors.

(d) To report its conclusions and recommendations to the Board prior to the January, 1954, meeting of the Board.

Agreed to the appointment of "consultative groups" for Club Service, Vocational Service, Community Service, and International Service in 1953-54, each to consist of five members, without a Chairman, and to carry on its work by correspondence, to (1) review individually the entire field of Rotary service as assigned to the group; (2) study and explore new techniques and approaches which might be used by Rotary Clubs or Rotarians to make more effective the particular avenue of service under study by the group; (3) review articles and material referred to the Committee by the Secretary and to offer individual comments and suggestions thereon; (4) study special projects or questions, within the field of each group's service, as referred to it by the Board of Directors or the Program Planning Committee. Findings, observations, suggestions, and recommendations are to be reported to the Secretary of Rotary International.

Agreed that when Resolutions or Enactments are proposed by the Board of Directors, or the Board takes action favoring or opposing Resolutions or Enactments by others, the following shall be the policy of the Board for 1953-54 relative to decisions of the Board: (1) If the Board is unanimous in its decision, the Board shall take steps to exercise its leadership and to make effective its decision in the Council on Legislation and in the Convention. (2) If the decision

of the Board be by divided vote, the members of the Board, both those in the minority as well as those in the majority, shall be free to express, advocate, and vote their individual opinions in the Council on Legislation and in the Convention. (3) If the Board, without advocating or opposing its passage, proposes a Resolution or Enactment merely for the purpose of submitting the question to a vote of the Convention, that fact shall be made clear to the Con-



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KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan;  
(RM) Rotary Meeting; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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**NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES.** Accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotel. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Moderate rates. RM Wed., 12:15.

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**MINNEAPOLIS—HOTEL NICOLLET.** 600 rooms with bath. 3 air-conditioned restaurants; 1 lobby from either depot. Neil R. Messick, General Manager. RM Friday, 12:15.

### OHIO

**CINCINNATI—SHERATON GIBSON.** Cincinnati's largest, 1000 rooms with television, Restaurant and 650 rooms air conditioned. Mark Schmidt, GM. RM Thurs., 12:15.

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vention and individual Directors shall be free to express, advocate, and vote their individual views.

Recorded the following decision re: "Rotary Branches":

The membership of Rotary International consists of Rotary Clubs, each of which is pledged to maintain the classification principle of membership. The establishment of so-called "Rotary Branches," therefore, is contrary to established Rotary principle and the Board does not approve it. It is pointed out that the name "Rotary" is not properly used, except in connection with Rotary International and its member Clubs; moreover, the stated purpose of the proposed "Rotary Branches," "to propagate the principles and ideals of Rotary over large areas and among larger numbers," is encompassed within all avenues of service included in the Object of Rotary and, in particular, Community Service.

Recorded the following decision re: eligibility for Club membership through place of residence:

The Board is of the opinion that the requirement for membership in a Rotary Club that a man must be personally and actively engaged, within the territorial limits of the Club, in the respective business or profession in which he is classified in the Club should be maintained. Therefore, the Board does not concur in the proposal contained in Proposed Enactments 53-3 and 53-4 that the Constitution of Rotary International and the Standard Club Constitution be amended to provide that the place of business or profession of a member or his place of residence must be located within the territorial limits of the Club.

Recorded the following decision re: fifth avenue of service to the Object of Rotary:

The Board considers that "the advancement of understanding and goodwill between different regions, sections, and groups, if any, in the country in which the Club is situated" is inherent in the statement of the Object of Rotary and, in the application of that Object, through the four avenues of Rotary service and in particular, Community Service. Accordingly, the Board believes that an Amendment to the Constitution of Rotary International and the Standard Club Constitution to provide for "the advancement of understanding and goodwill between different regions, sections, and groups, if any, in the country in which the Club is situated" is neither desirable nor necessary.

Regrouped the Clubs in present District 162, subject to the provisions of the Rotary International By-Laws, into two Districts (162 and 163) to become effective July 1, 1954.

Reaffirmed its earlier decision to hold the 1954 International Assembly at Lake Placid Club, New York, May 25 to June 1.

Agreed that a Rotary Institute for present and past officers of Rotary International shall be held in 1954 at the same time and place as the 1954 International Assembly.

Appointed as members of the Executive Committee First Vice-President Halsey B. Knapp, Chairman; Directors Herbert E. Carrier, Luther H. Hodges, and Prentiss A. Rowe; and President Joaquin Serratos Cihils.

Approved and ratified the appointment of H. J. Brunner as a Rotary Foundation Trustee for a five-year term and the designation of Trustee Frank E. Spain as Chairman of the Trustees for 1953-54.

## Committees for 1953-54

Following are the 1953-54 Committees of Rotary International, the personnel of the Council of Past Presidents, and the Rotary Foundation Trustees, all recently announced:

**Canadian Advisory**—Laurie Ellis, Kentville, N. S., Chairman; Herbert E. Carrier, Saskatoon, Sask.; Fred Herbert Jackson, New Westminster, B. C.; Kenneth G. Partridge, Port Credit, Ont. (Clubs in the Eastern group in Canada to elect remaining member.)

**Clarifying and Improving Relationships between Member Clubs and the Board of Directors of Rotary International**—Richard C. Hedke, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., Chairman; Gordon A. Beaton, Markdale, Ont., Canada; Walter Shultz, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.; Felipe Silva, Cienfuegos, Cuba; Harold T. Thomas, Auckland, New Zealand; Curt E. Wild, St. Gallen, Switzerland.

**Constitution and By-Laws**—Carl E. Bolte, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A., Chairman; Alton B. Chapman, Floydada, Tex., U.S.A.; Kenneth G. Partridge, Port Credit, Ont., Canada.

**Consultative Groups: Club Service**—Phillip A. Feiner, Providence, R. I., U.S.A.; Emile O. Meyer, Strasbourg, France; F. Harold Reed, Burwood, Australia. (Two additional members to be announced.)

**Vocational Service**—Walter R. Beaumier, Lufkin, Tex., U.S.A.; Ernesto Imbassahy de Mello, Niterói, Brazil; Robert M. Reed, Faribault, Minn., U.S.A.; C. P. H. Teenstra, Hilversum, The Netherlands; R. Merrett Wilkinson, Dunedin, New Zealand.

**Community Service**—Julio G. Campillo Perez, Santiago de los Caballeros, Dominican Republic; Morris William H. Collins, Cartersville, Ga., U.S.A.; Mark Jaffee, Jerusalem; Robert E. Miller, Livingston, Mont., U.S.A.; Krishna Prasada, Delhi, India.

**International Service**—Floyd O. Bohnett, Santa Barbara, Calif., U.S.A.; Glen M. Buchanan, Durban, South Africa; Alejandro Garretón Silva, Santiago, Chile; Bernhard Goldschmidt, Kiel, Germany; Hugh J. Heasley, Kitchener-Waterloo, Ont., Canada.

1954 Convention—James Lightbody,

Vancouver, B. C., Canada, Chairman; Cawas B. Parakh, Nagpur, India; Franklin Quezada Rogers, Santiago, Chile; Nelson Ramirez, Mayagüez, Puerto Rico; Clifford A. Randall, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.; Irwin R. Waite, Miami Springs, Fla., U.S.A.

**1955 Convention**—C. Reginald Smith, Albion, Mich., U.S.A., Chairman; William A. Calder, Woodstock, Ont., Canada; Thomas H. Cashmore, Wakefield, England; Jean Dusaosoy, Paris, France; Leland F. Long, Mineola, Tex., U.S.A.; Clifford A. Randall, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

**Cornerstone** (for Rotary International Headquarters Building)—Guy Gundaker, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., Chairman; Kenneth G. Partridge, Port Credit, Ont., Canada; Chesley R. Perry, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Tomotake Teshima, Tokyo, Japan.

**Districting**—F. Wayne Graham, Morris, Ill., U.S.A., Chairman; P. Hicks Cadle, Denver, Colo., U.S.A.; Robert A. Manchester, Youngstown, Ohio, U.S.A.

**European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Advisory**—Alphonse Flévez, Soignies, Belgium, Chairman; C. P. H. Teenstra, Hilversum, The Netherlands, Vice-Chairman; Gian Paolo Lang, Leghorn, Italy, Immediate Past Chairman.

**Members-at-Large**: Augustin J. Catoni, Beirut, Lebanon; Robert Haussmann, Stuttgart, Germany; Elias Sandvig, Kopervik, Norway.

**Great Britain and Ireland**: Stanley Leverton, London, England; Spencer J. Hollands, Wallington, England, alternate.

**District 65**: A. Salazar Leite, Lisbon, Portugal; Vasco Nogueira de Oliveira, Oporto, Portugal, alternate. **District 66**: Represented by Vice-Chairman C. P. H. Teenstra, Hilversum, The Netherlands; A. W. Groote, Hilversum, The Netherlands, alternate. **District 67**: A. D. Voûte, Arnhem, The Netherlands; H. H. Buss, Rotterdam, The Netherlands, alternate. **District 68**: Joseph Pfeffer, Luxemburg, Luxemburg; Jean Collette, Verviers, Belgium, alternate. **District 69**: Guillaume de Bellabre, Mont-de-Marsan, France; Jean Boissarie, Bordeaux, France, alternate. **District 70**: Alfred Lefebvre, Dunkerque, France; Marcel Huyghe, Reims, France, alternate. **District 71**: Robert Proton de la Chapelle, Lyon, France; John Kinsmen, Bellegarde, France, alternate. **District 72**: Charles Mourre, Marseille, France; Henri Duclos, Perpignan, France, alternate. **District 73**: Francis Decaux, Paris, France; Raymond Limondin, Orleans, France, alternate. **District 74**: Represented by Member-at-Large Robert Haussmann, Stuttgart, Germany; Bernhard Goldschmidt, Kiel, Germany, alternate.

**District 76**: Mikko Nordquist, Pori-Björneborg, Finland; Olavi Hulkko, Oulu-Uleaborg, Finland, alternate. **District 77**: Manne Nurmla, Helsinki, Finland; Pekka Vartiainen, Kotka, Finland, alternate. **District 78**: Rolf Thingvold, Bodø, Norway; Michael Eckhoff, Trondheim, Norway, alternate. **District 79**: Represented by Member-at-Large Elias

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Sandvig, Kopervik, Norway; Conrad Bonnevie-Svendsen, Oslo, Norway, alternate. *District 80:* Jørgen Paulsen, Copenhagen, Denmark; Frederik L. Brinch, Copenhagen N/V, Denmark, alternate. *District 81:* Poul Flagstad, Esbjerg, Denmark; Johan Jessen Paulsen, Tønder, Denmark, alternate. *District 82:* Kaj Vagn Olsen, Aarhus, Denmark; Carl Aage Jensen, Aarhus, Denmark, alternate.

*District 83:* Eric Grill, Göteborg, Sweden; Einar Ljunggren, Göteborg, Sweden, alternate. *District 84:* Gunnar Hultman, Stockholm, Sweden; Adolf Fagerlund, Stockholm, Sweden, alternate. *District 85:* Gunnar Börner, Växjö, Sweden; Ernst Breitholtz, Kalmar, Sweden, alternate. *District 86:* Albert Rüegg, Zurich, Switzerland; R. F. Rutsch, Bern, Switzerland, alternate. *District 87:* Represented by Immediate Past Chairman Gian Paolo Lang, Leghorn, Italy; Cesare Chiodi, Milan, Italy, alternate. *District 89:* Represented by Member-at-Large Augustin J. Catoni, Beirut, Lebanon; Costas P. Manglis, Nicosia, Cyprus, alternate. *District 91:* Fridrik A. Fridriksson, Husavik, Iceland; Alfred Gislason, Keflavik, Iceland, alternate.

*Non-Districted Clubs:* Austria: Friedrich Mader, Innsbruck, Austria; Hans Hofmann-Montanus, Salzburg, Austria, alternate. *Greece:* Stavros Papandréou, Athens, Greece; Panos Anagnostopoulos, Athens, Greece, alternate. *Israel and Jerusalem:* Wolf Cegla, Tel Aviv—Jaffa, Israel; Joseph Kaisermann, Haifa, Israel, alternate.

*Finance:* Heikki Herlin, Kallio-Berg-häll, Finland, Chairman; Harold D. Bostock, Santa Rosa, Calif., U.S.A.; Roy D. Hickman, Birmingham, Ala., U.S.A.; Arthur Lagueux, Quebec, Que., Canada; Justo Olaran Chans, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

*Magazine:* Percy Hodgson, Pawtucket, R. I., U.S.A., Chairman; Joseph A. Abey, Reading, Pa., U.S.A.; Charles E. Dearnley, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.; Carl P. Miller, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.; Horacio Navarrete, Havana, Cuba.

*Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International in 1954-55:* Laurie Ellis, Kentville, N. S., Canada; Richmond Mayson, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada, alternate. Alphonse Fiévez, Soignies, Belgium; Gian Paolo Lang, Leghorn, Italy, alternate. Benny H. Hughes, Beaumont, Tex., U.S.A.; Luther H.

Hodges, Leaksville-Spray, N. C., U.S.A., alternate. Nitish C. Laharry, Calcutta, India; Tomotake Teshima, Tokyo, Japan, alternate. Robert A. Manchester, Youngstown, Ohio, U.S.A.; Halsey B. Knapp, Farmingdale, N. Y., U.S.A., alternate. Horacio Navarrete, Havana, Cuba; Manuel Galigarcia, Havana, Cuba, alternate. Harry F. Russell, Hastings, Nebr., U.S.A.; Stanley Spurling, Hamilton, Bermuda, alternate. Claude W. Woodward, Richmond, Va., U.S.A.; Ray E. Collett, Old Town, Me., U.S.A., alternate. Stamp W. Wortley, Chelmsford, England; Thomas H. Cashmore, Wakefield, England, alternate.

*Program Planning:* Clifford A. Randall, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A., Chairman; Ryerson M. Christie, Cardston, Alta., Canada; Wilbur V. Lewis, Kansas City, Kans., U.S.A.; Mariano F. Lichaico, Manila, The Philippines; Christian Lindboe, Tønsberg, Norway; Henry T. Low, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia; Paulo Dias Martins, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Milan D. Smith, of Pendleton, Oreg., U.S.A.

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*Rotary International Headquarters:* Frank E. Spain, Birmingham, Ala., U.S.A., Chairman; H. J. Brunnier, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.; Howell G. Evans, Two Rivers, Wis., U.S.A.; Claude W. Woodward, Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

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## Old Bridge Builder

Once long ago he walked toward the sun  
Through vernal days while yet a distant star  
Charted his course and all was lost or won  
By might and brain, when long roads strange and far  
Beckoned him. Now evening shadows fall  
Along his garden where a picket fence  
And chains of years have prisoned him, it seems,  
But he thinks of harnessed rivers, and recompense  
Lies in remembered chasms bridged with dreams.

—ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

## They Spoke Out for Decency

[Continued from page 29]

out boldly against the Klan from Whiteville, the county seat, and Carter, editing and publishing a 1,700-circulation weekly, launched broadsides from the border town of Tabor City. Their offices were part and parcel of their communities and were easily accessible to the legitimate visitor and the unknown Klansman alike. It was not uncommon for them to find Klan warning stickers on their automobile windshields, or to have cars silently parking near their homes, just watching, in a campaign of nerves.

Also they were threatened with loss of advertising and subscriptions (they lost neither); and their routine sources of information "clammed up" when the Klan was mentioned.

Information that would stand up in court was the prime need. The two openly attended Klan meetings as newsmen, and reported the events bluntly despite Klan warnings. They obtained evidence in the form of whips, together with accounts of floggings from reluctant victims. Their wives worked at this task, gleaning information about the occurrence of floggings from playground and school gossip, information which might uncover victims afraid to talk, who had been warned to keep silence under penalty.

Week after week the campaign continued. The evidence mounted, and finally the "grand dragon" was convicted, floggers were arrested. The remnants slunk away.

Decent people, sparked by the leadership of their newspapers, had reassured themselves to say, "This thing shall stop." Their laws had proved adequate to jail the offenders, once those laws were enforced.

Over the heads of the two newspapermen poured recognition. The Pulitzer Prize, established by the will of one of America's great crusading newspapermen, went to them in its first award to weekly newspapers in history. The Hillman Medal from the International Ladies Garment Workers came their way.

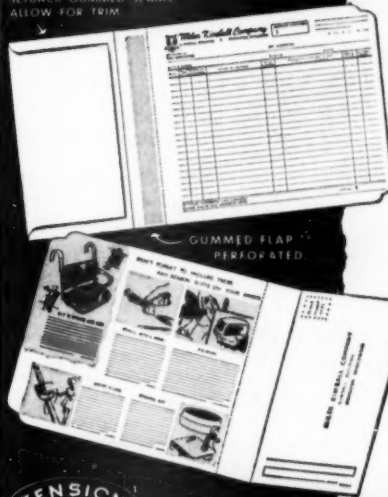
Edward R. Murrow brought his cameras to Whiteville and Tabor City to film for his major television show, "See It Now," the communities and the men who had done this. The cameras looked at both communities as they are—pleasant, industrious Southern towns that help to gather in and market the dairy products, tobacco, peanuts, lumber, fruit, and other rich yields of Old North State. They looked into the schools to get public reaction to the event and the honor. And without exception the com-

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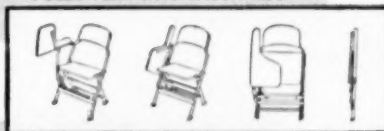
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munities were proud—proud and relieved.

Ed Murrow turned his cameras also on a special Rotary Club meeting honoring the two men, at which meeting I had the honor of presiding. I was thinking of the 177 years of democracy that have obtained in North Carolina since it and 12 other colonies fought side by side for freedom, and I had the feeling that these awards had "redeemed" Whiteville and Tabor City.

A few days later, on the telecast, Rotarian Carter, who in June was elected Mayor of Tabor City, summed it up: "We felt that no group of people have the right to inflict their own type of jus-

## Cybernetics

*[Continued from page 16]*

means that if he is an astronomer, he can spend his time working out the cosmic laws rather than solving formulas.

At the big Ingraham Clock Company in Bristol, Connecticut, President Edward Ingraham showed me an electronic tester of watch balance wheels. It tested performance in seconds, a testing which previously required months of actual operation of the finished timepiece in every position. Now reliability is established before the watch is assembled.

"Maybe man has outsmarted himself," I said to one researcher. "All he is doing is throwing himself out of work. Maybe he has created a Frankenstein monster that will devour himself."

"Not at all," he replied. "Man moves up to better, cleaner, more intelligent work. Only a free and enlightened citizenry can make a go of the new electronic era. It will require more and better education, not less. It will require men who know and think and who can make decisions. It will mean a population enjoying undreamed-of comforts—for what good would it be, or what profit, to make more and better goods if only a few could buy them? Mass production requires mass purchasing. A totalitarian system would not have the reservoir of knowledge or free initiative to run such a system very long. It would fall flat on its face."

"Certainly a man has to feel more important than a machine," I said.

"He can feel a lot more important than he does now," he continued. "Cybernetics will never do away with real thought or imagination or ability. But it will give every man more tools and power and hence more good living."

"As we mentioned, a machine can send a symphony to Korea faster than a second shot from an automatic gun, but no machine can write that symphony, however good an imitation it might do.

tice on anyone, that no one has the right to take a man from his home and beat him up, regardless of what he may have done. That is not our philosophy of how life should be lived, and it is something that must be fought."

Cole sees a richer harvest from the fight than the Pulitzer Prize or the Sidney Hillman Foundation Award. "The greatest benefit from this experience," he says, "is a renewal of confidence that an awakened citizenry, applying the principle of 'Service above Self,' can win over all enemies of society whether they are hiding behind the bed sheets of the Ku Klux Klan or the mask of intolerance."

You have to have a Mozart or a Beethoven to create."

"And we'll still have baseball and another Joe Di Maggio."

He was thoughtful, then said: "Di Maggio batted well because he had fine proprioceptor glands which provided him with the superior 'feed-back' that coordinated his eyesight, brain, and muscles to bring about perfect performance. It's the same story as the electronic brain on an automatic gun. If there were any reason to do so, we could build an electronic "batter" that would wham out a home run every time. We already have an electronic chess player, a far more complicated machine. But there wouldn't be much point in making a perfect mechanical Di Maggio. It wouldn't provide any answer to the complicated teamwork and individual judgment required to play ball.

"No, what cybernetics is going to do is to dismiss the more boring tasks from our lives and give us a chance to play more baseball, if that is what we want to do. It will give us more leisure, better products, greater security in our industrial operations and in our private lives."

But cybernetics does more than substitute for what the individual can now do. It moves on into tasks that hitherto man has been unable to perform. Man now is tied to machines. His sense organs are tied to his body. The new electronic noses and eyes can go anywhere, under the sea, between the stars, through iron doors, underneath the earth, or into a fiery furnace to report back in graphs, charts, photos, magnetized tape, or movies. At a Texas oil field I watched a movie of what was taking place in the dark bottom of a churning oil well more than 1,000 feet deep. That is a long way from the wild-cat drilling of only ten years ago.

When Lee de Forest invented the vacuum tube in 1907 to harness the invisible electrons found in every atom, he turned all the magic midgets in all



our known universe into possible slaves of man—if man is wise.\* As a result, electronic instruments can "see," study, and utilize all the myriad vibrations alive in Nature, visible or invisible, audible or inaudible. The entire frequency spectrum from long-glow subsonic (below hearing) vibrations to fast infinitesimal atomic rays—here you get into quintrillionths of the tiniest time and distance measurements known to man's senses—have been put at human disposal.

For the first time in man's long peregrination on this planet, that invisible world of "black rays" is at his beck and call, a frontier of incalculable power and possibilities, the greatest frontier man has ever come upon. From now on out, it is going to be full of galloping gun-shooting heroes of science lassoing those innumerable "black waves" and branding them for human use. Already we have discovered radio, radar, television, and atomic energy. We have found a few surprising uses for the subsonic and supersonic rays just beyond the range of human hearing. Ten thousand minor uses for various rays have been developed, from candling hens' eggs and predetermining the fertility of seeds (and increasing it) and future plant growth, from cooking food without heat and driving frost out of citrus groves. All this has been accomplished by using only a few narrow bands of the entire spectrum. The rest has been put to no practical use. Many areas have not even been explored. We can expect many more and greater marvels than we now know. Atomic energy itself is merely a narrow line on the total spectrum. Those discoveries will be coming in fast and furiously from now on.

IN 1951 the Bell Laboratories in New Jersey perfected the incredible junction transistor that does the work of a vacuum tube with one-millionth the power. Encased in metal, not glass, using a tiny germanium crystal, it is not affected by shock or noise as are vacuum tubes on automatic weapons and planes. It does not have to be warmed up, but works the instant the button is turned. One-sixteenth of the size of the tiniest vacuum tube, it gives off no heat, which has been the great obstacle for miniature assemblies.

Such things as hearing aids have been given a big boost. One airplane company showed me a new cockpit gadget reduced from two cubic feet to a size so small the hand button is the biggest part of it. The transistor will move the Electronic Age ahead faster than ever.

Yes, I deeply believe it: Man stands at one of the great moments of all time—to make or mar.

\*See "A Bit of Wire—in the Right Place" by Lee de Forest, THE ROTARIAN for April, 1953.



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## Should Cities Go into the Parking Business?

Yes—Says William E. Brown, Jr.

[Continued from page 9]

dollars. And it is my considered opinion that taxes raised from this are more than enough to amortize our debt within ten years, were they to be used for the purpose. Actually but little in taxes has been lost by acquisition of land for parking areas because the sites are on the fringe of business districts and had been occupied by old houses assessed as residential. Loss of taxes from this source is not one-twentieth of what has been gained from improvements due to better parking facilities.

No longer do our shoppers think it necessary because of difficult parking conditions in Ann Arbor to do their buying in Detroit or other near-by cities. We are, in fact, drawing buyers from other communities. Our lots are strategically located so that no shopper need walk more than 500 feet to get to the store of his choice in the district. The convenience factor is an important one in bringing the willing shopper in happy relationship to the willing seller.

Let's put it this way: To prosper and to expand, every retail store seeks to increase its volume of sales. To do this it must increase its customers—and the only way to increase customers is to stimulate traffic through the aisles and past the showcases of the store. Each person who enters a retail shop is a potential customer. If he arrives there in a happy frame of mind, the chances are excellent that as the arts of salesmanship take over he will become a purchaser.

Both pedestrian and motor traffic within a business district depends upon the ease and convenience with which those potential customers can enter and remain in the area and walk to the store or stores they desire to visit. If they find it difficult or if they are worried about excessive parking fees, they may not stop, or if they do they hurry their shopping, to the loss of the merchant offering goods they might otherwise buy. By taking 320,000 cars off the streets of Ann Arbor, our traffic has been accelerated and made safer, and with modest parking fees the shopper is not reluctant to come often and stay as long as his fancy suggests.

All this is a public service, but, as I have pointed out, it also is good business. As of September 1, 1953, we shall have reduced our debt from \$1,095,000 to approximately \$900,000 and we have about \$100,000 in cash. Also we have bought and paid for 840 meters and other equipment. In addition to all this we have purchased one lot for \$100,000 and another for \$40,000—not originally

contemplated. The small loss of taxes on property acquired for lots has been made up manifold by new taxes on improvements in business property traceable to retail activity stimulated by better parking facilities.

Our system is basically simple, being based on this three-point program: (1) pledging parking-meter funds to purchase off-street parking lots; (2) consolidating all city-owned facilities into one system; (3) buying parking lots and erecting other facilities with the costs met by bonds secured and being paid for by revenues from meters, lots, and other revenue-producing structures.

That is the way we do it in Ann Arbor. We have recognized the central fact that the parking problem in a modern city is one which private enterprise has failed to or cannot meet and therefore must be attacked by the community as a whole. Elsewhere it may be more feasible to underwrite a comprehensive program by general taxation or by special assessment, though those methods present special difficulties. In Ann Arbor we believe the better method is the self-liquidating system I have described.

Our experience leads us to believe that any municipal community can solve its parking problems if it will view them as a responsibility for unified action. But with this understanding there must be a determination to make the program succeed. A small group of men, whether city officials or not, will have a difficult time of it no matter how sound their thinking *unless they take the public into their confidence and build up through the press and the radio a popular support for the project.*

We have succeeded in Ann Arbor because of the enthusiastic backing of our citizens and the special cooperation of civic and other organized groups. It has been a profitable venture dollars-and-cents-wise, as I have shown, but more important is the fact that it has given all of us a place to park!



"Before dieting, I was 30 pounds overweight, sluggish, my clothes were too tight! Brother, I looked just awful!"

THE ROTARIAN

# Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,  
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

## 'No Mere Cog'

JAMES MCHARG, *Rotarian*  
Inspector, Native Schools  
Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia

There are no "mere cogs" in a cog wheel. Just try running any machine where a wheel has been damaged by the loss of a cog and see what the result is. . . . There are times when I don't think much of the man who does my job. Without being smug, let's admit that he often blunders. I know there must be many who could do much better work toward Rotary's ideal of service, and I have inside information on his shortcomings. Nevertheless, there are times when he is aware that there is no problem in human relationships in the home or at work that cannot be helped toward a solution by Rotary's ideal of service, set to work within the heart of a man doing his daily job.

When that truth is fully grasped, the cog is no longer carried by the wheel. It turns the wheel. Then it is no mere cog.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

## 'My Rotary'

L. CADY HODGE, *Rotarian*  
Photographer  
Topeka, Kansas

The Rotary spirit is hard to capture in words. Maybe it is because service is one of our best institutions and "Service above Self" one of our highest, yet most attainable, ideals. I have tried to capture this thought here in a bit of verse entitled:

### MY ROTARY

*I count that day well spent in Rotary  
When I have crowded in its fleeting span  
Excess of service over what I owe  
In life's exchange with my fellowman.*

*For I may behold the torch of honor high  
And give an added mile for conscience' sake  
Yet never know the glory or the joy  
Of service without pay, for kindness' sake.*

## Wit and Humor Abide

MARIUS RISLEY  
Educator  
Buffalo, New York

Dictators and their States rise and fall within our lifetime, but the values of wit and humor abide the centuries. From ancient Aristophanes to modern Twain, no humorist ever claimed to solve the riddle of existence. Yet they outlive every impostor who pretended to have solved it. This is because the ability to see the human condition often in terms of comedy than of tragedy is at least part of the solution to the problems of life. Reading and discussing the great books help us to do this. On them we cut our wisdom teeth and strike our funny bone.—*From an address before the Rotary Club of Belleville, Ontario, Canada.*

## M

## Report on Marie

### Physical Condition:

*Undernourished  
Tall, pale*

Age: 8

Address: *Austria*

Needs: *Marie is very  
badly off. She  
needs clothes,  
shoes, more food—*



Marie is only 8—and already she is the "little mother" to her younger brother and twin baby sisters. Their mother, weak from abdominal trouble, is often in a charity hospital. Two miserable rooms in an Austrian refugee barracks camp are what they call home. . . . The father's wages, from working at road-mending, come to about \$10 a week, and since most of this is needed for the twins' food, little Marie and her 6-year-old brother get only what is left—sometimes nothing.

The case worker's report says "Marie loves taking care of the twins, looking like a little mother and already is taking full responsibility. She is a sweet, lovely child, clever and bright." At the tender age of 8, she is another innocent victim of war's ravages and destruction, the family having lost everything through bombing.

Marie needs shoes, a new frock, and a coat. The old one is outgrown and worn out. And she *must* have more food. For us it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—the hope for a brighter and healthier life.

## HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Marie or another child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just \$96 a year (\$8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for \$10 a month.

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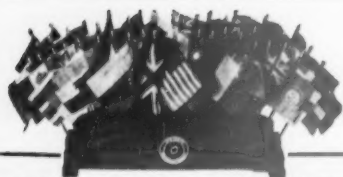
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## Should Cities Go into the Parking Business?

No—Replies Lyman E. Wakefield, Jr.

[Continued from page 11]

is conceivable that ardent municipal-ownership enthusiasts might start such a project on a sound basis, even maintain it under the sharp eye of an aroused public. But time marches on. And presently this government-owned business will inherit the dismal ills to which politically administered businesses seem to be the inevitable heir. Once the first fine blush of enthusiasm has faded, the deadening hand of bureaucracy takes over, hiding ever deeper such unseen subsidization advantages as tax exemption.

After all, most off-street parking is conceived of as benefiting a certain section of a city: more specifically, certain business interests. That puts it in the area of private enterprise, which, being so, makes it properly a free-enterprise function. Providing a place for customers to park is but one of many aspects of running a business in which one merchant or one district competes with another for trade.

That this is not just a theory but a fact has been demonstrated in Minneapolis. Once the threatening cloud of municipal ownership was dispelled and Downtown Auto Park, Inc., was operating profitably, other private interests began to come into the field—bringing into the picture that best of all stimulants to healthy economic life: competition!

Our two decks happen to be located near the No. 1 and the No. 3 retail stores of Minneapolis. It benefited them by drawing business to their doors. So what happened is just what you would expect. Store No. 2 is planning a near-by parking facility with some 400 stalls. And other private parking centers are springing up. For example, when the bank with which I am associated installed an "auto bank" for convenience of customers arriving by car, our principal competitor started its "drive-in bank." Now other banks are considering similar facilities.

Government-ownership advocates underestimate the power of competition in providing what people want. They theorize about "great social needs," then too quickly assume they can be met only by government stepping in and constructing facilities necessary to meet them. But in scores of industries private initiative is showing that it can do better—if given a chance.

I believe that private business, either cooperating or alone, can solve the parking problem. But remember that as problems go, it is a comparatively new one. And remember also that there has been much confused thinking about it

with little scientific study, all in a period of war-born uncertainties in our local, national, and international economics. But freed from the threat of subsidized competition from tax-free, publicly owned parking facilities, private capital will be encouraged to take its risk and seek its return. This is happening now in Minneapolis. I believe that it not only will get better structural and financial engineering, but that it will give better service to the public.

No one should be surprised, however, that when a community's parking problem becomes annoying or painful, people rush to the city hall with demands for relief. We in Minneapolis did. If some of our sober-sided businessmen hadn't sharpened their pencils and their wits, we might have fallen for the easy lure of letting George do it. Now, we—and by "we" I mean not only our stockholders but the Mayor, the Council, and the city's engineers—are "sold" on the advantages of private enterprise providing off-street parking.

What has been done in Minneapolis

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### Ill Advised

*My wife avers when I take ill,  
I'm never in a hurry  
To notify her of my state  
For fear that she may worry.*

*But once I come out with the truth  
And talk in terms less hazy,  
She says I go to such extremes,  
I nearly drive her crazy.*

—PHILIP LAZARUS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

could be done elsewhere. There may be exceptions to that generalization, for there always are to all generalizations, according to the famous French philosopher Rochefoucauld. But when motorists want to park, their problem is the same in Mobile as in Minneapolis. And it will yield to a determination of businessmen to provide the space where customers will find it easy to trade over their counters. Springfield and Danville, two Illinois cities, have private-enterprise parking programs and illustrate the principle that the size of the city is not the prime factor in solving the problem. Rather, it's the mettle of its businessmen.

We live, as I have said, in the Age of Hurry-Up. Vexed by annoyances or inconveniences, we seek easy and quick solutions to our problems. "There oughta be a law" has become a slogan and a wisecrack because of a ready as-

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sumption that once government gives attention to a problem it ceases to exist. That is the great fallacy of our era. To invite government, whether local or national, to step in when we experience a problem is to open the door to new demands for other government services whenever a so-called "need" arises.

It's much better to encourage private business to tackle problems. But let us be realistic. As long as our population increases and people continue to buy automobiles, there never will be a complete solution to the parking problem for it, too, will grow. And it may be that not always will private interests find it economically sound to provide all the stalls desired at one time at a given place. But as demand builds up, private enterprise usually will find a way—if given encouragement and if relieved of the threat of subsidized government competition.

That is what has happened in hundreds of businesses and industries. It will work out that way with parking—if we really want it to.

## Does Your Temper Have You?

[Continued from page 25]

you have waited and studied yourself, then act! Go dig in the garden, scrub the basement, visit a friend, take a walk—or you pick one.

You could even try Mom's treatment! Whenever she was fit to be tied, she would hie herself to the pantry and get an old cup or saucer. (She had collected them for such a day.) Then she'd go behind the barn, wind up like a major leaguer, and let fly. The resounding smash and flying bits of china were balm for Mom. Go ahead, just once! It works.

Talking is another excellent release. Blessed is the marriage where man and wife can sit down and in a quiet voice say, "Honey, I'm mad at you and this is why." If you pack it away and pack it away, one day, rammed up at roots of the heart, someone touches a match and the thing blows up. Act! Get it out of your system in a healthy way.

6. *Tune in on the Author of poise and peace.* Note how many times the calmest Man who ever lived went off to the hillside, or down by the sea, or up to the garden to commune.

Millions of men and women in every land can testify for this approach to the problem. In a quiet sanctuary, by a bubbling stream, out in the orchard, alone in a darkened room, they open their door toward the repose that fills the universe.

The best way to lose your temper is to lose yourself in God.

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## HOBBY

## Hitching Post

A MAN no one argues with when it comes to sports facts is FRED J. IMHOF, a Sunnyvale, California, Rotarian. He knows the sports field so well you would think it his business—but it isn't. He's a cannery superintendent whose hobby is solidly built upon solid facts. Here he tells you about it.

**IS THERE** a sports question bothering you? If baseball is your sport and there is a 1930 batting average you'd like to know, I've got it. Or perhaps you're a boxing fan, and you'd like to know how many times Dempsey knocked down Firpo in their famous heavyweight-championship fight. Or maybe you'd like to know Bobby Jones' score when he won the U. S. Open golf championship in '23. I have the answers to those questions and to thousands of other sports queries. It's my hobby—compiling sports statistics—and it covers not only the more popular sports, but also such little-known ones as rope climbing and log bucking.

My collection of sporting facts has come in for much praise from sports fans and sports experts alike. One West Coast newspaperman has called it the "greatest collection of sports statistics on record." Another terms it "one of the most complete sports libraries on the Pacific Coast." Even at the risk of being proved wrong, I believe it to be the largest classified and indexed sports library in the United States. My files contain more than 157,000 index cards on which is kept information covering 104 sports and 120,000 sporting personalities. The library also includes 1,020 guides to games of sport, some of the guides dating back to 1872.

Keeping all these records up to date is a big job—and a lot of pleasure—for

me, but I'll save that part of the story until later. Right now I'll try to answer a question that must be in the minds of many readers: how I got started in this fact-packed hobby of mine. Underlying it all, of course, is a love for sports that goes back to my earliest boyhood days. Without a consuming interest in them, this would be no hobby for me. I think, too, that a natural bent for statistics partly steered me into this avocation, for it does satisfy a zeal of mine for piling up facts.

My first brush with sports data came during World War I as the result of a bet I made with my sergeant. We were talking about sports, and I contended that a fellow named Murray won the three-mile walk in the Amateur Athletic Union Senior Championships of 1884. The sergeant didn't think so. To prove I was right, I rummaged through some dust-laden sports records and while doing so I suddenly realized that I was having a good time. So I decided to do more of it from then on. Oh, yes, about the bet. I won it. The three-mile walk was won by a fellow named Murray.

Out of the Army and back home, I kept at my fact and figure compiling, and even increased it somewhat after a young lady became Mrs. IMHOF and our family grew to include four daughters. I suppose if a boy had come along, I would have eventually surrounded him with bats and balls, boxing gloves, a basketball and a football, and other sports paraphernalia. But as it happened, the IMHOF girls took to their dolls and miniature cooking utensils, while their dad found an outlet for his sports enthusiasm in his record-keeping hobby.

Speaking of my family: It was my

On every side of him—and even above him—in this garage-turned-library, Rotarian Imhof has books, magazines, newspapers, and photos devoted exclusively to one subject: the field of sports. Here he keeps his athletic records up to date by making entries on some 157,000 cards for 104 sports.



Photo: Culbert



wife who gave me added zest for my hobby early in the '30s. At that time I had only two or three sports included in my library, and often she would query me on some point as a kind of test. One evening, while holding a newspaper in her hand, she said, "Who was the winner of the 800-meter race in the '28 Olympics and what was his time?" I checked my records and confidently told her, "D. G. A. Lowe, of Great Britain. His time: 1:51.8." She looked at the newspaper, then told me to get rid of my files. She said the name was right, but the time was wrong. I didn't argue, but I did write a letter to the newspaper about it, and received a reply that said the running time published "was an error in printing." My time was correct after all!

Another stimulus my hobby received came a few years ago when the editor of the San Jose, California, *Mercury* asked me to conduct a question-and-answer column on sports for his paper. It was not to be a regular feature and I was not to be paid for it—and that's the way I began the column and it's the way it continues today. The paper merely meets the expenses I incur answering questions, and it also provides me with sporting material for my library.

It is fun to conduct the column, and I enjoy the challenges it offers. Many queries come from readers more interested in testing me than in learning the answers to their questions, and I find it satisfying to go to my files and find the answers to inquiries that are often about some little-known event in a little-known field of sport. Of course, there are many readers genuinely interested in the answers to their questions, and it is a pleasure to provide them.

It was the editor of the *Mercury* who, not long ago, learned of the support I get from my wife in pursuing my hobby, despite her admonition of many years ago to "get rid of my files." It happened this way: He called our home to talk with me, but I was out. My wife asked him if he cared to leave a message, and he told her in a serious tone of voice, though he was joking, that he wanted an answer to a sports question and that he was calling me because he didn't care whether or not the answer was correct. And that's the moment my wife went to bat for me. She politely but firmly told him that I gave out only correct answers, and that I prided myself on doing nothing but that. My wife doesn't know a touchdown from a base hit, but she talked sports that day!

As you probably have guessed, this library of mine requires space—lots of it. My filing cards, magazines, newspapers, and books take up much room, and to get it I've moved my working quarters several times. First the records were kept in a bedroom of our house. Next I moved them to the basement. Now my statistical operations are conducted in the garage, an 18-by-20-foot space with shelves six feet high and with the walls and ceiling covered with photographs of sports celebrities.

It is there, amid surroundings not unlike the sports department of a large

city newspaper, that I keep the files up to date by using a system that has long worked for me. To begin with, I require sporting news from many sources, and to get it I subscribe to five daily newspapers, nine magazines, and 20 year-books devoted to sports exclusively. In addition, I have the data provided me by the San Jose *Mercury*. From this wealth of material I draw statistics on just about any sport you can name. Spying a fact worth recording, I first pencil it in a huge volume catalogued into the various sports I cover. Later, when several score of notations have been made, I sit down and transfer each pencilled item from the book onto an index card that is filed to provide quick reference.

If all this sounds like work to you, remember that I'm a sports fan from 'way back, and that to me working with sports statistics is like a lapidary polishing his stones, or a philatelist putting his stamps in a book.

As you might expect, I like to have my storehouse of facts constantly tested—it keeps me on my toes. So, if you have a question on sports that has stumped others, let me hear from you. Perhaps it will stump me too, but—well, let's see.

### What's Your Hobby?

If you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family and would like to have your hobby listed below, just drop THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM a note and he'll take care of it for you. His only request is that you acknowledge any correspondence which may result from the listing.

**Playing Cards:** Helen Barraclough (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—collects playing cards with fancy backs; interested in their place of origin and history; will exchange; also collects souvenir crested tea-spoons; will exchange for spoons from Sydney, 6 Tedwin Ave., Kensington, Australia.

**Coins; Stamps; Autographs:** S. H. Lloyd (collects coins, stamps, autographs, picture postcards; will exchange), 803 Morgan St., Camden 4, N. J., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Billie Costello (11-year-old son of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange), 19530 Parke Lane, Grosse Ile, Mich., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Mrs. John R. Wagner (wife of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange U.S.A. stamps for those of other countries), 1314 S. Belmont Ave., Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Sherrod Braxton, Jr. (17-year-old son of Rotarian)—wants pen pals in France, Quebec, Canada, U.S.A.; interested in photography), Whiteville, N. C., U.S.A.

Eileen Ng (15-year-old niece of Rotarian)—wishes to correspond with young people in U.S.A., Canada, Europe; interests include stamp collecting, reading, movies, collecting film-star photos), 109 Anderson Road, Ipoh, Perak, Federation of Malaya.

Hampton Mabry, Jr. (9-year-old son of Rotarian)—would like to exchange letters with boys and girls same age in other countries), P. O. Box 885, Donna, Tex., U.S.A.

Bernard Yaged, Jr. (11-year-old son of Rotarian)—would like to correspond with young people interested in stamp collecting, baseball, music), 197 State Highway 17, Paramus, N. J., U.S.A.

Florencio Clemente, Jr. (15-year-old son of Rotarian)—interested in corresponding with young people; interested in piano, basketball, table tennis, skating), Batac, Ilocos Norte, The Philippines.

Kempton Huehn (17-year-old son of Rotarian)—would appreciate correspondence with persons interested in astronomy, swimming, stamps, motion pictures), 1101 16th Ave., Eldora, Iowa, U.S.A.

Noe V. Ilano (19-year-old son of Rotarian)—desires pen pals from all over the world; hobbies include collecting photos, postcards and souvenirs, piano playing, letter writing; also interested in body building, music, and fine arts and architecture, especially designing), 12 San Miguel St., Cebu City, The Philippines.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

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# Stripped GEARS



## My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send articles to *Stripped Gears*, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. This is a favorite story of Ernest L. Wolff, a member of the Rotary Club of Boulder City, Nevada.

I am a retired psychoanalyst, but my friends come anyway to me for advice, without expense, naturally. The other day my friend George came to me to cry on my shoulder about his marital troubles.

"What is the matter, George?" I asked.

"Oh, it's awful," he sighed. "In the morning when I wake up, my wife asks for money. When I come home to lunch, she asks for money. When I get back from work in the evening, she asks for money, and even the last thing at night she asks for money."

"For goodness' sake," I said, full of pity, "what is your wife doing with all that money?"

"I don't know," replied George. "I don't give her any."

## Picture-Window Memo

Those glass panes work  
Both ways, you know,  
There's more to see  
And more to show.

—VIRGINIA REE MOCK

## Anagrams

The following anagrams, rearranged, more or less characterize the individuals involved:

1. Rich able man (late British statesman).
2. Man prone to grip (United States financier).
3. Chief one of all debaters (Victorian Prime Minister).
4. Wit so great will lead men (another Prime Minister).
5. Oh firm rod! The knack to rule (famed British general).
6. Go and visit Nile, D. V. (African explorer—his identity was once presumed).

This quiz was submitted by Rotarian Morgan Barnes, of Grove City, Pennsylvania.

## Couples in Common

The following proper male and female names have something very definite in common. Do you know what it is?

1. August and May. 2. Bob and Anna.
3. Robin and Phoebe. 4. Vandyke and

Bertha. 5. Billy and Nanny. 6. Clarence and Victoria. 7. Emery and Beryl. 8. Sydney and Adelaide. 9. Tom and Kitty. 10. Don and Lena. 11. Timothy and Eulalia. 12. Serge and Jean. 13. Pierre and Helena. 14. Jack and Jenny. 15. Basil and Melissa. 16. Romeo and Juliet. 17. Ray and Minny. 18. Jimmy and Betty. 19. Trent and Florence. 20. Benedict and Beulah.

This quiz was submitted by Gerard Mosler, of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

## Twice Told Tales

Just about the time you think you can make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends.—*The News*, ITHACA, NEW YORK.

It doesn't take much of a car these days to last some people a lifetime.—*Rotattler*, GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

Two fishermen were driving along a highway when they came to a crossroad with a "CLOSED" sign blocking the main road. However, they noticed that fresh tire tracks led around the sign so they decided to follow the tracks and disregard the sign. They had gone some three miles when the road ended at a

broken bridge. The only thing they could do was to turn around, and on passing the road block again they observed this inscription on the reverse side of the sign: "It really was closed, wasn't it?"—*The Good Fellow*, EAST MO-LINE, ILLINOIS.

"Your application says you left your last job on account of illness," said the personnel manager. "Just what was the nature of your ailment?"

"Oh, I wasn't sick," replied the applicant. "It was the boss. He was always telling me how to do my work, and the results made him sick, so he said."—*The Rotater*, ABILENE, TEXAS.

"You can't trust anyone these days. My own grocer gave me a phony quarter this morning."

"Let's see it."

"Oh, I haven't got it anymore. I gave it to the milkman."—*The Lubricator*, WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS.

## Bird Lover

Yes, I love birds of every feather;  
But when they sing at 5 A.M.,  
I wonder whether—?

—ROTARIAN PAUL A. REHMUS

## Answers to Quizzes

ANAGRAMS: 1. Chamberlain. 2. Pierpont Morgan. 3. The Part of Beethoven. 4. William Ewart Gladstone. 5. Lord Kitchenier of Kharatoom. 6. David Livingstone. 7. Corpses in Common. 8. Months. 9. Birds of England and India, respectively. 10. Birds of Russia. 11. Kind of collar. 12. Grasses. 13. State capitals (South Dakota and Montana, respectively). 14. Asses. 15. Herbs of the mint family. 16. Fish. 17. Slippers. 18. Burglars. 19. Italian cities. 20. Married man and woman.

## Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of a limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

\* \* \*

This month's winner comes from Jeanice Zimmer, daughter of a Chappell, Nebraska, Rotarian. Closing date for last lines to complete it: November 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

### TWING SWING

A golfer named Alfred K. Twing,  
Was complaining because of his swing.  
"I can't hit the ball  
Because it's so small,

### SIGNS OF SPRING

Here again is the bobtailed limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for May:  
Librarian Lemuel Spawl  
Had SILENCE signs on every wall.  
Then a lovely young thing  
Blew in with the Spring,

Here are the "ten best" last lines:  
Then "Silence" spoke "volumes" to all  
(William E. Zecher, member of the Rotary Club of Lebanon, Pennsylvania.)  
And the din was no "Dead March from Saul."

(Julian L. Meltzer, member of the Rotary Club of Jerusalem, Israel.)

He was mufe at her cute, birdlike call.  
(Bradford Gray Webster, member of the Rotary Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania.)

The silence was over—that's all!  
(Henry Schaller, member of the Rotary Club of Ottawa, Illinois.)

And enthralled Mr. Spawl with her drawl.  
(Mrs. Robert C. Kumler, daughter-in-law of a Shawnee, Oklahoma, Rotarian.)

And the signs were all in for a "fall."  
(T. Roy Summer, Jr., member of the Rotary Club of Newberry, South Carolina.)

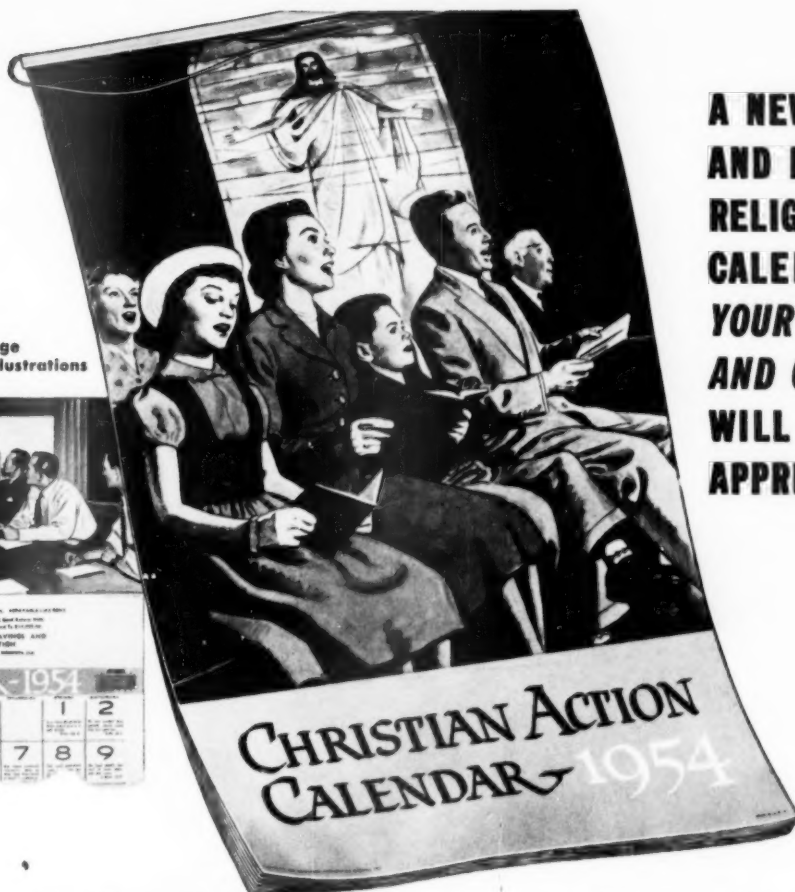
In a daisy-trimmed bonnet and shawl.  
(William N. Kelly, member of the Rotary Club of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.)

And SILENCE was LICENSE by Fall  
(Walter Percival, member of the Rotary Club of Hornsey, England.)

Croaked Lem, "Ah—a-hem! Ding it all!"  
(Henry B. Reilly, member of the Rotary Club of Livingston, Montana.)

Remarking, "What's up with you-all?"  
(C. S. A. Rogers, member of the Rotary Club of Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada.)

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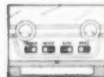
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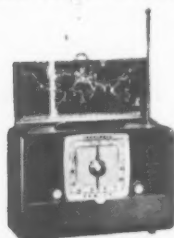
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